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THE TRAGEDY OF THE VICTORY

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It is a terrible tragedy—perhaps the most terrible that history has ever known.

Vanquished peoples, races enslaved, tyranny triumphant, and alliances that disappear in defeat—these things have already been seen. But up to the present there had never yet been witnessed the spectacle of the victors themselves working to undermine their victory; civilization taking pity on barbarism; the victim forgotten in order to care for the assassin; allies quarrelling and dividing in the midst of success.

France herself, in the course of her restless and tormented history, has known tragic hours: within fifteen centuries, she has been ten times invaded, crushed, at the mercy of the victors. But she has never known an hour more tragic than the morrow of her greatest victory, when, triumphant, she sees herself placed at the mercy of the vanquished.

Consider the facts. They speak louder than all the orations.

When, on November 11, 1918, Germany signed her surrender, the Allies had taken oath to demand three things: the punishment of the guilty; the reparation of damages; and guarantees for the future. It was an oath of justice. There is no justice in this world without punishment for the crime, reparation for the crime, and assurance that the

crime will not be repeated. Let us see how the oath has been kept.

To begin with, the punishment of the guilty.

It is strange that in America and in England the demand for the punishment of the men who started the war and who committed the atrocities of war, was warmest. What American or English city has not echoed to the cry of "Hang the Kaiser!"?

I still remember a mass meeting, held on Lafayette Day, in 1918, at Milwaukee, where two speakers addressed the crowd: an American, who was Ambassador James Gerard, and a Frenchman, myself. In speaking of Germany, the more moderate was certainly the Frenchman. I still hear Mr. James Gerard shouting, amidst the terrific applause of the audience:

"After what has happened, can we consent to sit at a table and negotiate with assassins? No, never! The Kaiser, his sons, big, fat, safe and healthy, and his statesmen, will have to pay the forfeit that all instigators of crimes and murders have to pay, as provided in the laws of all men."

And, turning toward me, he added:

"Be sure to say it, when you go back to France."

I did say it. And I am very much afraid, alas! that I was believed.

Still more vehement was Mr. Lloyd George. In December, 1918, having to address a proclamation to the British nation before the elections, he wrote over his signature a manifesto exposing the six principal demands of victorious England. The first two were word for word the following:

1. *Trial of the Kaiser.*
2. *Punishment of those responsible for atrocities.*

In Paris, at the Conference, this was still more precise. A commission, the Commission of Responsibilities, had been formed, and one of the highest English magistrates, Sir Ernest Pollock, Solicitor General, represented Great Britain. This commission held eleven meetings from February 3 to March 29, 1919, and from the first considered whether Germany would be obliged to deliver the guilty to the Allies for judgment by them, or if she would have to make them appear before international neutral courts. There were present eminent jurists who argued that, according to the principles of law, peoples have no more right

to judge themselves than individuals, and they therefore tended to favor the constitution of an international tribunal. But Sir Ernest Pollock had an answer for everything. The crime, he said, had been exceptional; therefore the jurisdiction also should be exceptional: the Allies alone could guarantee the accomplishment of justice. Finally the argument of Sir Ernest Pollock prevailed, and the report of the Commission, completed March 30, allowed all the English demands and supported all the English conceptions.

The Supreme Council of Four, consulted in the matter, examined it in turn, in seven meetings which were held between April 1 and May 5. Mr. Lloyd George complained that the project of the Commission was not sufficiently severe: he succeeded in having it revised and reinforced. Finally, the text inserted in the Treaty of Versailles was arrived at. Then, one evening at the end of a conference, Mr. Lloyd George turned suddenly toward Mr. Wilson and M. Clemenceau and said to them:

"Have you any objection to the trial of the Kaiser taking place in London?"

Mr. Wilson smiled and did not reply. In fact, whenever Mr. Lloyd George proposed something unexpectedly, Mr. Wilson always smiled and never answered. As for M. Clemenceau, he made a vague gesture of the shoulder and arm, signifying that to him, the matter was quite indifferent.

And that is how, at the Peace Conference, the problem of the punishment of the guilty was resolved.

Nevertheless, the months passed, and on January 10, 1920, the Treaty of Versailles came into force. One of the first stipulations to be carried out is the surrender of the guilty. The Allies draw up their list. This makes a volume of eight hundred and two pages. The English list included ninety-seven names; the Italian list, ten; the Belgian list three hundred and thirty-one; and the French list, three hundred and thirty-four. It is not the fault of Belgium or of France that there are so many names. It is their soil which was invaded, their soil on which the atrocities were committed. The guilty have themselves confessed and signed their accusations. Sometimes they have gloried in them.

There is, for instance, General von Bulow, who, on August 22, 1914, posted this proclamation: "*It is with my*

perfect consent that the general commanding at Ardenne has caused the burning of the city and the shooting of one hundred persons." There is the Kronprinz who gave the written order, on August 28, to burn all villages in which French soldiers might be encountered. There is General von Moltke, who caused the shooting of a hundred and sixty civilians at Longuyon, and the burning of the city: women and little children died in the flames. There is General von Graevenitz, Governor of Lille, who ordered and carried out the deportations of women and young girls which aroused the indignation of the civilized world. There is the diplomat von Lancken, guilty of the murder of Edith Cavell. There is Admiral von Tirpitz, instigator of the submarine war, which caused thousands of women and innocent children to perish in the waves—von Tirpitz, who himself writes in his *Mémoires*: "*If one could have set fire to London in thirty places, the repulsiveness would have been lost sight of in the immensity of the effect.*"

These are the people whose surrender the Allies demand in order that they may be judged.

At this moment the whole of Germany rears up, plays the comedy of despair, says that her honor is offended, declares that a mother cannot give up her children—in a word, refuses. The Allies meet at London. They debate. Signor Nitti is the first to propose the renunciation of the demand. Mr. Lloyd George reproaches France and Belgium with having made lists too long. M. Millerand tries, in vain, to recall the facts, the dates. A wind of cowardice, abject cowardice, blows over the Supreme Council, where to the honor of America, no representative is present. And, on February 15, Mr. Lloyd George writes and signs the famous letter by which the Allies capitulate to Germany, tear up a first chapter of the treaty, and allow the Reich to organize and carry out the prosecutions against the guilty.

Two months have passed and no prosecution has yet been commenced. At the moment when these lines are written, not one of the guilty has been indicted, not one arrest has been made.

As for the Kaiser, of whom Mr. Barnes, at the time a member of the British Cabinet, said on November 30, 1918: "*I am for hanging the Kaiser,*" not only has he not been hanged but he has not even been moved from the sumptuous Dutch château where he receives, hunts, motors, and goes fishing.

The honor of Holland demands that his sojourn in the country be respected, just as the honor of Germany demands that the tranquillity of the incendiaries of Louvain and the assassins of Edith Cavell remain undisturbed. As for the Allies, their honor obliges them not to keep their word, to let their demand be scoffed at, to betray their promise.

On December 5, 1918, at Bristol, Mr. Lloyd George declared: "The war was a crime. Will no one be held responsible for it? Will no one be asked for an accounting? Will there be no inquiry? Indeed, this would be neither divine justice nor human justice." The answer to the questions of Mr. Lloyd George is in the letter signed on February 15 by Mr. Lloyd George, and renouncing the surrender of the guilty. The reply is contained in the events. Human justice has the value of a politician's speech; it consists of words.

Evidently, the crime has not been punished. Let us see how it has been paid for.

On this question of reparations, the great prophets of the Peace Conference had been most precise. Mr. Wilson had left for Paris with a gospel of fourteen points, one of which stipulated: "*Restoration of all invaded portions of French territory.*" Mr. Lloyd George embarked with a gospel of six points, of which the third was: "*Fullest indemnities from Germany.*" Mr. Wilson had not commented on his words, which, even as those of God on Sinai, are sufficient unto themselves. But Mr. Lloyd George, who is a lesser divinity, had drawn up a detailed outline of his New Testament.

Speaking on November 29, 1918, at Newcastle, the British Prime Minister had said: "*When Germany defeated France, she made France pay. That is the principle which she herself has established. There is absolutely no doubt about the principle, and that is the principle we should proceed upon. Germany must pay the costs of the War.*"

Twelve days later, at Bristol on December 11, the Prime Minister was still more precise and more vehement: "*Those who started the war,*" he shouted from the platform, "*should pay for it to the last penny If need be, we will go and search their pockets.*"

When God speaks thus, it is easy to imagine what his apostles must be saying. Sir Eric Geddes, speaking the same day in the Guildhall at Cambridge, announced the pitiless

"squeezing" of Germany. *"We will get out of Germany all you can get out of a lemon and a bit more . . . For my part, I will squeeze her until the pips squeak."*

It was in these excellent conditions that the Peace Conference opened at Paris.

But, from the first meetings, beginning the thirteenth of January, there arises an imperative and fundamental question—not that of how Belgium or France will be restored, but that of how Germany will be fed.

"It is a question of humanity," someone says.

"If it is a question of humanity, that is enough," M. Clemenceau declares.

And the principle is immediately and unanimously admitted. Then arises a second question, logical consequence of the first: how will the feeding be accomplished? Who will pay for it? The English and American experts are consulted. Their solution is simple: England and America can send at once the supplies and food that will prevent Germany from starving. Germany still has some gold—more than three billion marks in the vaults of the Reichsbank—Germany will pay this gold, in cash, to the American and British merchants who will give her food.

The French delegation opposes this too easy solution.

"You want to feed Germany: very good," they say. "But you want Germany to pay cash to those who will sell her food products: No. Before going to the merchants, the German gold ought to go to those who have lost their homes, to the mutilated, to the widows, and to the orphans of all the Allied countries, to whom reparation is due. The German gold is before all a sacred pledge to the victims of the war."

The discussion lasted two months, hot and bitter. And on March 8, resuming the debate, M. Clemenceau cried out to the Conference:

"My country has been ruined and ravaged as no country in the world has ever been. We have supported the war's heaviest burden. We have lost in killed and mutilated, more than two million men. Our mines are destroyed. Our commerce, our industry, our agriculture, in the richest part of France, have disappeared. What immediate guarantees have we? A little gold and some bonds. On the pretext that Germany must be fed, we are asked to give up these

guarantees to those who are to furnish the supplies which Germany needs. I do not know who these men may be. But I know that they are not in France. I refuse."

M. Clemenceau refuses. But he is obliged to yield to the insistence of the American delegation and the English delegation. And in the last days of March a transaction is made: Germany will be supplied; she will pay cash up to 1,450,000,000 francs in gold or foreign money.

That is how the debate on indemnities began. Everyone knows how it continued.

France produced her bill: a war debt of 257 billion francs; a budget which in 1914 was 5 billion, and which in 1920 will be between 25 and 30 billion; six departments almost completely destroyed; the loss or the temporary privation of 94 per cent of her wool production; 90 per cent of her iron ore, 70 per cent of her sugar, 60 per cent of her cotton supply, 55 per cent of her electric energy, the loss of a third of her merchant fleet, 600 kilometers of railroad or other road to be rebuilt, 57 per cent of the men between 19 and 34 left on the field of battle. These figures were not contested by the Allies or Associates; they could not be. But Mr. Wilson did not wish to hear mentioned the payment of war expenses: his fourteen points had not included them. And Mr. Lloyd George waved the spectre of Bolshevism. "If too much pressure is applied to Germany," he said, "she will fall into anarchy. We must demand from her only what she can pay. We must save her resources." We were far from the pockets which were to be turned inside out and the lemon which was to have been squeezed. In the course of a hundred and seventeen meetings of the Commission and twenty meetings of the Council of Four, this strange and tedious debate seemed eternal. Finally, the text of the treaty, which the world knows and which History will judge, was completed.

How this treaty has been carried out, I will not say myself. I will leave the privilege of saying it to one better authorized than myself—to the man best qualified to speak on the subject. This is how M. Raymond Poincaré, yesterday President of the Republic, today President of the Reparations Commission of the Peace Treaty, resumes in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* the lamentable conversation between the victors and the vanquished:

"You have promised," says the Entente, "to deliver to

Belgium and to France, within the three months following the going into effect of the treaty, a determined number of stallions, fillies, mares, bulls, milk cows, rams, ewes, and goats—"Patience," answers Germany, and the Entente waits. "You have contracted," the Entente says, "to replace, ton for ton and category for category, all the vessels and commercial or fishing boats lost or damaged because of the war, and you should give them to me within two months after the coming into effect of the treaty." "You see me quite ready to oblige you," replies Germany, "but I need my commercial fleet very much, and I should like to talk with you a bit." "You are to deliver to the signatory Powers on their respective demands," says the Entente, "the quantities of coal and its derivatives defined in Annex V. of Part VIII." "Doubtless, but I must supply my own factories and restore my industry." "And how about me?" says France. "Am I not in danger of dying from weakness if my furnaces are extinguished and my transports stop, if the blood in my veins is used up and the circulation stops little by little—?" "First give me back my health," answers Germany, "and let me be the first to warm myself."

This dialogue condenses, in striking fashion, the reality.

To cite only one example, Germany, according to the Treaty of Peace, ought to deliver monthly 1,600,000 tons of coal to France, to compensate for the production of the French mines destroyed. However, in January Germany delivered only 260,000 tons, in February 220,000 tons, and in March less than 100,000 tons. While in January Germany, with her 60 million inhabitants, was able to dispose of 8 million tons of coal, France for her 40 million inhabitants, disposed of less than 3 million tons.

And that is how the indemnities from Germany are managed.

No punishment for the criminals, no reparation for the crime. But are there at least guaranties that the terrible attempt will not be renewed?

For France as for the world, there can be only two certain guaranties that Germany will not renew the assault: 1. To disarm her. 2. To fortify the frontier of civilization.

The disarmament of Germany, stipulated in the clauses 159 to 210 of the Treaty of Versailles, constitute, perhaps the most shameful comedy and the most unthinkable scandal of the whole affair.

On March 10, 1920, according to Article 160, Germany should no longer have possessed heavy artillery, tanks, aeroplanes of war, poison gases, or liquid flames. She should no longer have had more than seven divisions of infantry and three divisions of cavalry, forming at the maximum an army of one hundred thousand men. She no longer had the right to more than two hundred and four cannon of 77 mm. and eighty-four howitzers of 105 mm.

But none of these stipulations has been put into effect. The Reichwehr alone still contains 200,000 men; the Sicherheitpolizei 100,000 men, for the most part former non-commissioned officers; there are besides, corps of volunteers, civic guards, rural guards. The total number of men under arms comes to *more than a million and a half*. More striking still, the Sicherheitpolizei, theoretically destined merely to assure internal order, possesses not only light artillery, but also heavy artillery, cannon of 105 mm. and howitzers of 150 mm. It is also equipped not only with machine guns, but also with flame-throwers, aeroplanes, and tanks!

When General Niessel, President of the Controlling Commission, announces these facts, gives these figures, and shows these details of the evident camouflage of the German army, the members of the Supreme Council are satisfied with raising their eyes and arms to heaven and sighing:

"What's to be done? Germany is so troubled. The German Government must maintain order somehow!"

Then, they lower their eyes in order to see nothing, and cross their arms in order to do nothing.

As for the second guaranty that France had foreseen against a possible return of the German offense, we know of what it consisted; the permanent occupation of the left bank of the Rhine. And we also know the sorry story.

Marshal Foch, asked for his opinion, said to the treaty makers: "There can never be but one solid frontier to protect Belgium and France; it is the Rhine. In the first place, it is not a frontier that is crossed at will. Furthermore, it is a frontier which puts a space between the assailant, if he should begin again, and the assailed, between German territory and the soil of Belgium and France. Let us not annex the left bank of the Rhine, but let us occupy it permanently. This will be the best way of preventing Liège and Verdun, Brussels and Paris, ever being occupied in the future."

Mr. Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George refused. It was

natural. England is far. America is still farther. They have the space necessary to see the enemy coming. And when your house is shut tight and well protected, you are always tempted to lose interest in that of your neighbor, which is not. Mr. Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George refused. And they proposed to France, in exchange, what has been called the pact, that is, a solemn promise, *in treaty form*, that in case of peril the United States and Great Britain would give to France their immediate military aid.

After negotiations which lasted two months, after the exchange of fourteen notes, France accepted. It was agreed that the occupation of the left bank of the Rhine would be limited to fifteen years, and that the evacuation would be carried out by zones, at five-year intervals. It was understood that this occupation was to be simply the guaranty that the treaty would be faithfully carried out by Germany, and not the guaranty that France would no longer serve as a battlefield for Europe. It was understood that the safety of which France was in need would be assured by England and by America, who would come at once to her aid if she were ever attacked again. Thus France gave up the surest safeguard of her territory, the one safeguard which Marshal Foch considered really practical, in exchange for a solemn engagement taken by the President of the United States and the Prime Minister of Great Britain.

I will not enlarge upon what has become of this engagement. It has been ratified by the British Parliament; it has not yet been ratified by the American Senate. England having made the American engagement the *sine qua non* of her own, the English approval disappears. Therefore France remains, at the present moment, without the guaranty against a new German attack that the permanent occupation of the left bank would have given her, and without the guaranty that would have been given by the formal promise of military aid from England and America. France remains without guaranties.

I resume.

The most terrible of crimes, a crime which has cost the lives of nine million human beings and mutilated or wounded thirty million human beings, has been committed. And, for this crime, not one indictment has been made, not one of the guilty has been disturbed.

A country has been sacked, stamped on, devastated, bled white. Its cities have been burned, its mines flooded, its women deported, and its very dead plundered, and for all that, a year after the signing of peace, a year and a half after the cessation of hostilities, no reparation has yet been made. The only gold which has come out of the vaults of the vanquished has gone to canned-goods merchants and dealers in foodstuffs.

No guaranty that the criminal will not commence again has been taken. He has been permitted to keep a great part of his arms. His victim has not been allowed to take efficient measures against a new aggression on his part.

Never has history known such tragedy. And never has she known such betrayal.

And, having enumerated the facts, I appeal to the American people. I ask America if it is for this caricature of peace that she accomplished her magnificent effort of 1918 and sacrificed seventy thousand of her boys. I ask if it is for this caricature of justice that she unfurled her flag, crossed the ocean, and achieved victory.

The United States is preparing for a great political battle. The Treaty of Versailles is in a large measure the stake of this struggle. Whatever may be the verdict of the sovereign people of America, France will accept it. She knows that she can count on the heart and the head of her American sister. She holds too firmly to her own traditions to wish that America should break with hers. She does not ask America to join in the sad and interminable quarrels of Europe. She does not even demand of America the ratification of a treaty to which America feels repugnance, even though it be, for the most part, the work of an American President. She only asks that, when the treaty is discussed before her, she shall not allow it to be said, as has been said: "the treaty cannot be executed; it is too hard on Germany."

Monstrous stupidity! The treaty is not too hard on Germany: it is only on France that it is too hard. The execution of the treaty is not impossible; it has simply not been attempted! For ten months every Allied deliberation has ended in a concession to Germany, humiliating and useless.

It appears that at San Remo the famous Supreme Council has at last understood that it was headed toward ruin and bankruptcy.

During the last days of the Conference the weather was wonderful and in an azure sky a dazzling sun brightened all Nature. The rays of this sun seemed to have driven away some of the most distressing shadows. Lloyd George, pointing to the radiant orb, exclaimed: "There is the Alliance, it shines in all its glory again." Yes, but it must keep shining and it will not unless all the Allies understand that this additional pact made among the orange groves at San Remo will have to be kept more faithfully and more strictly than the treaty signed beneath the venerable trees at Versailles. The hour is solemn—it needs neither cunning nor egoism. It needs rather energy and mutual confidence. No concession made in flagrant violation of the Peace Treaty has appeased or satisfied Germany. No concession will ever appease or satisfy her.

Whatever may happen, France can make no further concessions. France asks only what is due her. She is not rich enough to make presents to those who have despoiled and robbed her. She is not strong enough to expose herself to a new martyrdom and new robberies. It is possible that vanquished Germany has a right to pity. But it is much more certain that victorious France has a right to life.

Paris, May 1920.

STEPHANE LAUZANNE.

THE IMPENDING COLLAPSE

BY MAJOR CHARLES LACEY HALL, U. S. A.

THE impending collapse of capitalism in Europe is the most tremendous ogre that Western peoples have had to face since the Battle of Tours, that is to say for about twelve hundred years; and, if it is cataclysmic and not evolutionary in its nature, will be the greatest wrench to the existing order of society that has occurred since the fall of the Roman Empire in the West, ushered in the Middle Ages. The spectre of this wrench everywhere, the hackneyed expression, "World Unrest," is merely symbolic of the ubiquitous terror. But the methods hitherto proposed for meeting the problem have depended more on exorcism than on pure realism. Brave men do not scorn to analyze and appreciate, as well as to attack, their enemy. Only fools tilt at windmills. This article is an attempt to arrive, by historical analysis, at the reasons for the impending collapse, as well as to discuss what steps, if any, are possible to meet the crisis.

Capitalism has existed, to some extent, ever since man became a tool-using animal; and, in that sense, will doubtless continue to exist as long as man continues to use tools. But in the narrower sense the term is used to cover the era of the economic mastery of society by the owners of personal property. Personal property is nowadays largely intangible, as far as the individual owners are concerned; but, in economic fact, the property is, by and large, either industrial machinery now in existence, or supplies hitherto consumed or absorbed in the machinery. Prior to the economic control of the personal property holders, control was vested in the owners of real property.

The feudal organization was accepted because it furnished the only means by which the existing population could be kept alive. In the vast majority of cases the peas-

ant preferred life and subjugation to death and liberty. As the adoption of a feudal status tended to increase the population, feudal communities grew in strength and overthrew non-feudal communities, being impelled to the struggle by their need of an outlet for their own expanding population.

Feudalism having succeeded, it immediately obtained control of the sources of public opinion, and, of these, the greatest was the church; because it added, to the ordinary forms which go to make up an average individual's beliefs, the sanction of supernatural manifestations, and also fear of punishment after death, that curious terror of the unthinking. Hence such ideas as "devoir," "loyalty," "divine right of kings," and similar catchwords, were provided to give moral basis to a status triumphant through force, a phenomenon destined to be repeated.

Between the fall of the Bastille (1789) and the repeal of the Anti-Corn Laws in Great Britain (1846), three great events occurred.

1. The French Revolution destroyed the remnants of feudalism, except in Eastern Europe, and thereby set up an independent class of agrarian proprietors, who were themselves small capitalists.

2. The Industrial Revolution caused by the exploitation of modern scientific discoveries enormously increased the wealth of the bourgeoisie and the ability of the earth to support population; but at the same time destroyed the independence and reduced the happiness of the urban proletariat.

3. The consolidation of the Indian Empire created an entirely new type of capitalist, whose performances were almost wholly uninfluenced by public opinion.

Hitherto feudalism and capitalism, as contending forces, had been more or less checked by the fear that one of them would call in the lower classes to redress the balance of power, with dire results, to both. In fact this is just what the French bourgeoisie did do in 1793. From now on, however, the capitalists, reinforced (except in England) by the new race of agrarian proprietors, were entirely in control; and could, and did, exploit the urban proletariat to the uttermost limit of human endurance.

The urban proletariat responded promptly, and in 1848 tried an ill-led demonstration in almost every state in Europe, which had the disastrous effect of destroying the

last of the differences between the capitalists and feudalists, and consolidating the ruling classes of the world into powerful national corporations, which had no difficulty in getting control not only of the existing agencies of church, courts, and education, but also of the sources of public opinion, and especially of those catchwords by which most men live. The capitalists even donned pseudo-virtues, of the type which flourished when feudalism was in full bloom. Charity was substituted for Chivalry, totally useless freedom of religion for asceticism, and aggressive patriotism (Jingoism) for fidelity to the King. Toleration was the motto of the day; but it had the unreality of thirteenth century toleration. As soon as assaults were made on the existing order of society, a new inquisition was destined to suppress those apostles of free speech whose career indicated any probability of success.

The coalition of capitalists with the feudal remnants, which took place in 1848, had different results in different states. In Great Britain and the Latin States (except Roumania), the feudal powers were entirely destroyed. This tended to create a capitalist bloc, alive in all States to the necessity of exploiting their own inhabitants, and controlling public opinion. These states maintained themselves, in the last analysis, by intelligent exploitation of their overseas territories; and conflicts between national blocs in these undeveloped regions were the principal source of their discord. That is to say, they were competitors in the same line of trade, and using the same general system.

In the Central Powers the feudal proprietors and the new capitalists combined. The agrarian interests, which were the economic source of the surviving feudal power, were well looked after; and the feudalists personally continued to render that devoted service to the state for which they had always been noted. At the same time all proper capitalistic enterprises were encouraged; proper being used in its German sense: to expand the power and population of the State. The mottoes of the new combination took on a coalition tinge, expressions like "Deutschthum" and "Kultur" being themselves capitalistic developments of feudal roots.

In Russia and Roumania, feudalism was preserved. Local capitalism was in the hands of the Jews, and the old warfare between capitalism and feudalism continued. In

order to keep the lower classes on the side of those in power, racial and religious prejudices against the Jews were excited. Even at that, however, the warfare was a losing one, because of the rather patent fact that, whatever the evils of capitalism, it produces a more tolerable community than does feudalism. In order to support themselves, the Russian overlords formed an alliance with the French capitalists, later joined by the British capitalists. This alliance was made perfectly patent to the world by the loans floated in London and Paris in 1906, after the dissolution of the first Duma, in spite of the frantic protests of the Russian bourgeoisie (Octobrist manifesto). The Czar was then kept in office by the identical means employed for so many years in the British Indian States, that is, he was subsidized as a tyrant over his subjects, provided that he remained docile as to all external affairs.

The coalition between capitalism and feudalism came rather late into the world; and, at first, had great difficulties in establishing overseas markets. These very difficulties compelled the development of greater efficiency, and as a result of this efficiency, the Central Empires began to drive the Western States to the wall. This drive was due to two radically dissimilar devices.

Ever since 1848 the preservation of capitalism has depended on its progressive amelioration of the condition of the lower classes. In order to accomplish this amelioration the excess profits of capital can no longer be taken from the home state, but must be obtained from subject or backward countries. Hence a strong colonial policy was an absolute necessity to the proletariat, as well as to the bourgeoisie; a fact rather well appreciated by the former. One instance of this, which will serve as well as any other, is the calmness of the Belgian population at the time of the revelation of the Congo atrocities.

In this particular game (the modern slave trade), the Central Empires were novices; and moreover their own lower classes were interested to such a slight extent that they refused to be parties to the necessary exactions, as witness the fuss made by the Social Democrats at the time of the Herrero revelations. Also it became evident to the financial interests involved, that the British could keep their barbarous colonies reasonably happy and make money out of them, when Germany was able to do neither; except pos-

sibly in German East Africa, where a most extraordinary administration was obtained, more or less by accident.

But between 1870 and 1905 the barbarous colonies fell to the position of minor pawns in the game of commercial expansion. The Latin American States, Turkey and China became the great prizes in the world; and the master of their trade could reasonably expect to be both the dominant nation of the world and the one best able to keep its laboring classes contented. This trade, by and large, fell to Germany, owing to that nation's superior efficiency. The Western States were wholly unable to check this expansion in States where they had to keep out of politics, such as Argentina. Every attempt to increase their trade by political expansion, i. e., by closing the door on Germany, as in Morocco, created dangerous military liabilities, of doubtful financial profit; and hence distasteful to their own discontented lower classes. The plans for expanding "Deutschthum", in other words the processes of the feudalist-capitalist coalition, were getting altogether too successful.

The second device used by the Central Empires was the progressive improvement of their own internal administration. The presence of the feudalist class assured an abundant supply of high class administrators, and the remnants of the feudal machinery kept these administrators in office.

By this means the public property was handled much better in the Central Empires than anywhere else; and, consequently, the lower classes were relatively and absolutely getting physically better off all the time. Comparison of the anthropometric measurements of British and German recruits will prove this conclusively.

To meet this menace from the Central Powers the Latin bloc formed a coalition with feudal Russia. This added strength to both; but the danger to France lay in the fact that what was being strengthened in Russia was not the state, but feudal power in the state. In so far as Russia was a semi-civilized field of commercial exploitation, German competition was not killed as in Morocco; and, in fact, it is quite probable that Germany was acquiring as much economic power from Russian trade as was France. The anti-French sentiment in Russia which followed the overthrow of feudal power in 1917, is a pretty fair reflex of the dangers of back-

ing the wrong party in the state; and the present situation of the owners of Russian securities is a similar warning.

Up to 1900 the French and English blocs had been active competitors for colonial power, but about that time both realized that their whole civilization was subject to grave dangers from the Central Empires. Unless they presented a united front the structure of society, which we call democracy, and which the modern Russians call "tyranny of the bourgeoisie", was in grave danger of complete destruction, partly owing to loss of the direct economic power dependent on trade with the semi-civilized states; and partly to the physical deterioration of their man-power consequent upon this loss, deterioration in quantity, as in France, or in quality, as in England. Under the peril of this menace the two states united with Czarist Russia.

The immediate result of this combination was a danger to the Central Empires; because their trade got to be hampered by more or less disguised restrictions on their expansion in the semi-civilized states under Entente influence; and they suffered from the fear of seeing the British self-governing colonies closed to them. Various endeavors were made to compose these differences, but they broke down because Russian feudalists were an indispensable military assistance to the Entente bloc, and could not be abandoned. Yet such an expanding feudal power was so overmastering a danger to German Kultur, that no composition with it was possible, unless it could be persuaded to expand in the opposite direction, that is, towards feudal India. The last attempt at compromise vanished at Agadir in 1911.

From the day war was declared the Western Powers began to use up their accumulated overseas capital and thus dissipate their sources for further commercial exploitation. They also proceeded to capitalize their credit for all it was worth. By this means wealth was transferred out of the hands of the holders of fixed capital, the most naturally conservative forces of the state, either into economically useless goods or labor (munitions of war and pay of the army) or into the hands of entrepreneur capitalists. These latter held their wealth in paper money, and this money could only be converted into real wealth at the expense of somebody. The three possible "somebodies" were:

(a) The inhabitants of the state itself, that is, the general public.

- (b) The enemy.
- (c) The inhabitants of the semi-civilized states and of the colonies. Another alternative was not to convert it at all, but to repudiate. The probability of repudiation is the existing menace to capitalism.

In 1917 feudalism was destroyed in Russia. There being no native capitalism of any inherent strength, control of the state passed into the hands of the urban proletariat, who seized the industrial machinery, owned nominally by rich Russians, but really by foreign security holders. Such entrepreneur capitalists as existed were ruined. The agrarian character of Russia makes it the best possible place to try out the effects of Marxian Socialism; but, nevertheless, the economic results are not such as to lead people to long for its further expression. Yet it is safe to say that what happened in Russia is sure to happen in the rest of Europe.

The collapse of Russia made the triumph of the Central Powers inevitable unless the Entente could secure further allies. This they were able to do on the American continent, and, as a result of American participation, the Central Powers were defeated and forced to submit to the peace of Versailles. This peace, dictated by the Entente capitalists, is their scheme for converting their paper wealth into real wealth at the expense, partly of the enemy, and partly of the inhabitants of semi-civilized states. Let us analyze it.

In the first place it assumes that all the external trade hitherto in German hands can be transferred to Allied hands by legal processes not essentially different from confiscation; in other words that the good-will of Germany can be expropriated for Entente benefit. But a compulsory sale of good-will never yet has brought anything to speak of; and the only probable effect is to impoverish the loser without enriching the winner.

In the second place it assumes that the very close balance between coal, iron, and transportation in Germany, which alone has permitted its great increase in population, can be disrupted violently without a radical decrease. It further assumes that this population can be compelled to labor indefinitely at a rate barely sufficient to maintain life.

In the third place it assumes that all German excess capital can be seized without, at the same time, so fracturing the organization of Germany as to make the continuation of the capitalistic régime there impossible.

In order to reduce the resistance of the German people, the starvation by blockade was continued for seven months after the armistice. Thereby their economic value, either as citizens or slaves, was permanently diminished. In connection with this blockade, large Allied forces were placed on the Rhine at German expense. This expense exceeded the ante-bellum military budget of Germany. It made any deflation of German credit impossible.

All three of the assumptions noted above have been proved to be erroneous. It is now generally conceded that a German population, deprived of trade, of all the fruits of two generations of industrial organization, and whose capitalists are reduced to complete pauperism, will certainly diminish by starvation with great rapidity, with dangerous effects on the structure of society in the neighboring states, and without contributing one cent towards converting paper wealth now in the hands of Entente capitalists into goods.

In order to transfer the burden of conversion to the inhabitants of the semi-civilized states, the three great areas of exploitation, Russia, Turkey and China, were to be parcelled out among the victorious Powers. Further expansion in the last is, however, definitely checked by Japan. In Turkey the native population developed considerable strength in resisting this burden, and commercial expansion in Mesopotamia and elsewhere seems to be stopped by the obvious economic difficulty that the cost of an expedition exceeds its returns. As for Russia, good money was poured out after bad in the Kolchak-Denikin coupon-collecting episodes until what little reserve strength the Western financial interests possessed was almost completely dissipated, with exactly nil results. Moreover the lower classes in France and Great Britain have begun to appreciate the fact that Russian unity (call it Czarism or anything else) is even more distasteful to the Russian people than the rule of the urban proletariat, as it cannot possibly be maintained except by a reactionary government. These Russian people have not destroyed, by blood and iron, one menace with a feudal tinge, in order to restore a jet black régime.

There is left the possibility of writing off Central Europe and Russia as *in partibus infidelium* and restoring capitalism in the Western States at public expense. But

this cannot be done without making the people save,—reduce the standard of living. All observers are agreed that this standard is now dangerously low among great sections of the population, and further reduction may bring it below the toleration point, with social results horrible to contemplate. That even this would do the job is doubted by many economists. European trade did not travel along straight lines but in circles, and Germany was a point on the circle. A starved Germany would interrupt this circle and hence prevent the other food-importing states from ever getting raw materials.

The only other solution is repudiation, either direct or by a further inflation of credit. This latter means is the one now actually being followed and is apparently destined to continue. By it money is being reduced in value gradually until it no longer pays to print. This reduction naturally unsettles international exchange, and with it international trade. The raw material producer in Polynesia has been accustomed to get money for his cocoanuts with which to buy red cloth. When he discovers that, for his cocoanuts, he no longer gets a reasonable amount of red cloth, he stops producing; unless he can get another source of supply for his red cloth. Also the soldiery who have kept him in order stop soldiering when their pay comes in perfectly useless paper. The raw material market is thereby cut off; and the home state, "not having of its own whereof to live," starves. At this point, in pure desperation, the people turn Bolshevik. To this exact spot all European states are travelling with varying speed, and when they reach it, capitalism will have collapsed, and Europeans will have to starve until they become few enough to live off the land. During this period of starvation it is reasonable to expect that every institution of society we know, every rule of morality we are accustomed to, and every motto we hold dear, will utterly disappear from the European continent.

To meet this crisis American financiers are proposing what amounts to a revision of the Treaty of Versailles. Under it enough concessions are to be made to Germany to keep it alive as a capitalist state, both by not depriving its entrepreneur capitalists of hope, and by affording its entire population a reasonable means of livelihood. At the same time a loan is to be floated in America large enough to carry all the European States until the system of trade

in existence before the war is re-established. In other words, the American producer is to produce on credit for some years.

Now, credit is all very well, but it necessarily involves an inflation of the currency which must eventually be deflated. The profits of inflation go to the entrepreneur capitalist, or profiteer, always: with some share to the laborer, but none at all to the professional man. If the profiteer can convert his credit into fixed capital before deflation sets in, he will become permanently rich; but, at whose expense? If his capital is repaid, at the expense of the European public; if not, at the expense of our public.

If repaid at European expense, payment must be in goods. Since the adoption of prohibition there are practically no European goods needed in the United States, except a few articles of luxury, and the interest can be paid only in

(a) Raw materials from tropical and oriental markets, shipped from them in exchange for European manufactured goods.

(b) Expenditures of American tourists abroad.

(c) Transfers of credits by immigrants to their homes. The first class will always be limited, as America still exports raw materials on its own account. The second class is unlikely to grow for some years; and the less we have of the third the better. Altogether the outlook is not promising.

But the payment of interest of some kind is better than throwing good money after bad; and that is what we are quite likely to do. The expansion of Germany was so great, and was followed so closely by an expansion of the population to its ultimate limit, that it is very doubtful if it can be put on its feet at all, except by the return of economic control over the metallurgical industries of the Saar Valley, Lorraine, and Upper Silesia. In the present state of European public opinion that is impossible. If Germany is not put on her feet, she will go Bolshevik. As already pointed out, that means repudiation in Europe, and, if we make a big enough loan, repudiation here too.

Another danger of the present situation is the instability of European control of Africa and the Near and Middle East, which is the foundation of European capitalism, and indeed the real cause of its present population. History

teaches us that any nation weak enough to call in its subject peoples to fight its battles at home will eventually be ruled by those peoples. The Senegalese soldiers of France are, as likely as not, the successors of Hengist and Horsa. Certainly the Mohammedans are now in revolt against European domination; and, in the present low state of European economic power, the re-establishment of the Caliphate of Bagdad and the Peacock throne is not beyond the bounds of possibility. The American people are not prepared to finance any European enterprise in the East, after the shock which they got from Anglo-Russian performances in Persia. Mohammedan unrest should be taken into consideration in determining the real security behind any loan to Europe.

What is the remedy? Can the impending collapse be averted? Is it possible for Europe to fall into bankruptcy and anarchy without similar crises on this side of the Atlantic? For a time, certainly, we can leave Europe to stew in her own juice. For a time we can import raw materials and export manufactured goods in our own ships, and establish our own circle of trade, with Europe off the circumference. But Europe will not allow this to come about. We have only to fold our arms and abstain from interference in Europe, and the statesmen of the Old World will ask our conditions. John Maynard Keynes advises our refusing to lend any more money to the *present* Governments of Europe. Public opinion in Allied countries, when the collapse is imminent, may clamor for constructive statesmanship and may tolerate a revision of all the treaties of the past year in order that economic life may be resumed and the present social order preserved. The writer has endeavored to examine the situation historically, and to learn from the past what action will best serve his country for the future.

CHARLES LACEY HALL.

HAS THE SENATE THE CONSTITUTIONAL POWER TO RATIFY?

BY JUDGE CHARLES KERR

WHETHER adopted or rejected, construed simply with reference to our own Constitution, there are in the constituent parts of the proposed international covenant some departures from accepted precedents that have not received that consideration which their importance might seem to demand. There are features involved in this new order of inter-state rule, quite aside from the virtues or vices of the proposed League itself, that, to those who have not studied its provisions simply from the standpoint of expediency, strike deeper into the vitals of our fundamental law than either its friends or its critics seem to have contemplated.

We have a written Constitution. In its essence it is a power of attorney from the people, as grantors, to the instrumentalities of government, as grantees. Of necessity it is an instrument of delegated powers. Those powers can be revoked, enlarged or abridged by the grantors only. The grantees can act only within the limits of the grant. No powers, therefore, can be assumed beyond those which have been granted, and any assumption of power on the part of the Government, in excess of the grant, would be an *ultra vires* assumption and, therefore, void.

The covenant of the League of Nations was formulated by the representatives of the Allied Powers at a conference held in the city of Paris, called for the announced purpose of establishing a treaty of peace between them, on the one side, and the Central Powers on the other. This instrument, in its completed form, was delivered to the Senate of the United States by the President, with the information that the provisions contained in that portion which was denominated a covenant for a proposed League of Nations formed "an indispensable instrumentality for the maintenance of

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the new order." Accepting as true the statement of the President that the proposed "instrumentality" was "indispensable" "for the maintenance of the new order," whatever that may mean, does that fact give to the Senate a power of ratification, if that power did not already exist? Does not the President, in the very words which he has employed to define the office of the covenant which he had assisted in formulating, admit the creation of a power superior to any now existing, because, otherwise, it would not be indispensable? And if such a power, or "instrumentality," has been created does the Constitution give to the Senate the power of ratification or acceptance? This question may be considered from two viewpoints.

First. Is the covenant of the League of Nations a treaty within the meaning of the Constitution? If not, has the Senate the power to accept it?

Second. Any power which the Senate has being a delegated power, can it in turn delegate that power to some other "instrumentality" over whose acts Congress has no control?

The difference between a *league* and a *treaty* is so distinct a correlative use of the terms is inadmissible. A league, using the commonly accepted definition, is "A combination or union of two or more parties for the purpose of maintaining friendship, and promoting a mutual interest, or *for executing any design in concert.*"

A treaty, as used in the Constitution, is defined by the law writers as being "An agreement or contract *between* two or more nations or sovereigns, formally signed by commissioners properly authorized, and solemnly ratified by the several sovereigns, or the supreme power of each state."

A league, following these definitions, is a union *of*, a treaty a contract *between*, two or more states. One is formed for the purpose of some concerted action, the other is entered into for the purpose of determining the separate undertakings and obligations of each. In a league there can be but one entity; in a treaty there must be at least two. In the one a union is necessary, in the other it is impossible. A corporation is a league. A contract between two or more parties is a treaty. A union *of* two or more independent, self-governing states for the purpose of accomplishing a given purpose, through concert of action, would be a league. An agreement between, or among, these same states defining

the undertakings of each, would be a treaty. A league acts in its corporate capacity. The parties to a treaty act in their individual capacities. Neither could act otherwise and maintain its status.

Having a written Constitution, equipped with all the instrumentalities of government necessary to carry into effect the purposes for which it has been created, is the League portion of the Paris document other than what it purports to be—an independent, self-governing political entity, formed for the purpose of dealing, in concert, with any subject which “affects the peace of the world.” As a prerequisite to membership in this international organization the applicant member must “give effective guarantees of its sincere intention to observe its international obligations”—a requirement sufficiently indefinite to satisfy the most exacting—and “to accept such regulations as may be prescribed by the League in regard to its military and naval forces and armaments.” This “new order” of government is wholly independent of the treaty portion of the Paris document. It has within its composition states that maintained a neutral position throughout the entire war. Having been a belligerent is not a membership essential. The treaty depends in great part upon the League for its enforcement, but the League itself is wholly independent of the treaty. The status of the covenant of the League of Nations, therefore, does not depend on what it may be called, but on what it is. Submitting it to the Senate by the President and calling it a treaty does not make it such. Jefferson says in his *Parliamentary Practice* that a treaty “differs from other *laws* only as it must have the consent of a foreign nation, being but a *contract* with respect to that nation.” This expression is but declaratory of that provision in the Constitution which provides that all treaties, when ratified, shall become a part of the “supreme law of the land.” This same author, in discussing the general subject of treaties, went so far as to say, “The Constitution thought it wise to restrain the Executive and Senate from entangling and embroiling our affairs with those of Europe.” This carries the limitations placed upon the treaty-making powers of the President and Senate by the Constitution to an extremity that the letter of the instrument would not warrant, but if such stricture as this is to be placed upon the powers granted to the Executive and Senate by one whose interpretation

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of that instrument has been accepted by one of the great national parties for more than a century, how much more restricted must be the Constitutional powers of the President and Senate with respect to committing the Nation to an international relationship over which Congress would have no control, and in the governing Council of which the Nation would have but one vote?

Whether wittingly or unwittingly the framers of the League covenant have themselves, in its very preamble, given to this new form of international relationship a status separate and apart from the relationship which is created between nations through treaties, by declaring that one of its purposes is the "maintenance of a scrupulous respect for all treaty obligations in the dealings of organized peoples with one another." Interpreted in the corporate vernacular of the day, this is equivalent to saying the League of Nations is a holding company for all signatory nations, the position of these signatories being that of subsidiary companies.

At the time of the adoption of the American Constitution the term *treaty* had but one meaning. A contract between individuals and a treaty between nations bore the same relationship. The President and the Senate were given the power to contract with other nations. In discussing this feature of the Constitution in one of the Federalist papers Jay defines a treaty as "only another name for a bargain." And when it was urged, as one of the objections to the Constitution, that the President and Senate might be induced to enter into a fraudulent treaty, his response was "In such a case, if it should ever happen, the treaty so obtained from us would, like all other fraudulent *contracts*, be null and void by the laws of nations." Likewise Hamilton, in discussing this provision of the Constitution, in one of the Federalist papers, uses the term treaty in this same sense. "Its objects," he says, "are contracts with foreign nations, which have the force of law, but derive it from the obligations of good faith. They (treaties) are not rules prescribed by the sovereign to the subject, but agreements *between* sovereign and sovereign." Fisher Ames in discussing the Jay treaty of 1796, follows the definition of Jay and Hamilton. "A treaty," said he, "is a bargain between nations, binding in good faith; and what makes a bargain? The assent of the *contracting* parties."

If, as said by Hamilton, a treaty is not a rule "prescribed by the sovereign to the subject," by what ratiocination can it be said the covenant of the League of Nations is a treaty? If the governing body of this League, by a process of legislation, can prescribe rules for the government and control of the signatory members, is not that of itself the act of a sovereign towards the subject? Of a certainty it would not be an agreement between sovereigns. A contract, in law, which leaves some undertaking open for future determination, is not a binding obligation. A treaty determines the exact status of each party, and leaves nothing open for future negotiation. The covenant of the League determines nothing. This being true it is in no sense a treaty, and being in no sense a treaty the Senate has no constitutional power to ratify it.

The second proposition, namely, that the powers vested in the Senate being delegated powers, it cannot in turn delegate those powers to some other "instrumentality" over whose acts Congress has no control, seems almost too clear for argument. *Delegatus non protest delegare* is a maxim of the law as old as Justinian. While some of the powers granted by the Constitution to Congress are sovereign, those powers can be exercised by Congress only. That the covenant of the League of Nations does assume to take unto itself some of the powers delegated to Congress by our own Constitution, cannot be denied. In discussing the treaty-making powers of the Senate, Joseph Story, one of the clearest of our constitutional interpreters, discusses this subject in apt and appropriate words. "A power given by the Constitution," he says, "cannot be construed to authorize a destruction of other powers given in the same instrument. It must be construed, therefore, in subordination to it; and cannot supersede, or interfere with any other of its fundamental provisions. Each is equally obligatory, and of paramount authority within its scope; and no one embraces a right to annihilate any other. A treaty to change the organization of the government, to annihilate its sovereignty, to overturn its republican form, or to deprive it of its constitutional powers, would be void; because it would destroy, what it was designed merely to fulfill, the will of the people."

One illustration alone is sufficient to demonstrate that this is exactly what this new "instrumentality" of govern-

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ment would do. Following the provision for disarmament, in Section VIII, will be found these words:

"After these plans shall have been adopted by the several governments, limits of armament therein fixed shall not be exceeded without the concurrence of the Council."

This provision, in express terms, provides that the several covenant members shall reduce their armaments as directed by the Council, and when this shall have been done these armaments cannot be increased "without the concurrence of the Council." The covenants of the League, when ratified, become a part of the supreme law of the land. Concretely applied this means that the United States has committed itself to the proposition that we will reduce our armament to the extent the Council of the League may designate, and having done so, should we become engaged in war, we cannot increase our armament without the consent of the Council. This is a plain supervision of the powers given to Congress. The right to declare war, to make peace, to equip and maintain an army or navy, to regulate foreign commerce, or emigration, are all sovereign grants, yet by the terms of the covenant all these may be surrendered or delegated, under a sweeping provision that empowers the League to take appropriate action in any matter where it may deem the peace of the world is involved.

Once accepted and made a part of the supreme law of the land, the power of repeal or amendment is lost. Neither will Congress have the power to review, alter or repudiate any action which the League, through its Assembly or Council, may take. The constitutionality of an Act of Congress may be determined by the courts, but there is no body in existence that can review any action taken by the League with respect to its powers under the covenant. When we accept its provisions we place ourselves in a position of accepting its mandates. It will have behind it the land and naval forces of the signatory powers to enforce its decrees. The single representative of the United States in the Council will be clothed with greater powers than the Legislative, Executive or Judicial branches of our Government with respect to our international engagements. Once the covenants of this League become a part of the supreme law the power of the President and Senate to make a treaty becomes a question of serious moment. Certainly the unlimited powers

granted by the Constitution will not exist, because we obligate ourselves under Article XX not to hereafter enter into any engagement inconsistent with the terms of the covenant. Whether any treaty which now exists, or which we might hereafter conclude, would be inconsistent with its terms would be a matter for review by the League, and if that right should be delegated by the President and Senate to another instrumentality of government would it not be an *ultra vires* act? And being such would not our Supreme Court have the Constitutional right to so declare it?

In this connection the words of Chief Justice Marshall, in the celebrated case of *Marbury vs. Madison*, are most timely. If they do not admonish us at this time solemnly to consider the step we are about to take, we may seriously doubt whether the Constitution of which Marshall wrote is the same instrument that exists today. In these words he fixed the stability of that instrument for all time:

The Constitution is either a superior paramount law, unchangeable by ordinary means, or it is on a level with ordinary legislative acts, and, like other acts, is alterable when the legislature is pleased to alter it.

If the former part of the alternative be true, then a legislative act contrary to the Constitution is not law; if the latter part be true, then constitutions are absurd attempts on the part of the people, to limit a power in its own nature illimitable.

Certainly all those who have framed written constitutions contemplate them as forming the fundamental and paramount law of the nation, and, consequently, the theory of every such government must be that an act of the legislature repugnant to the Constitution is void.

If the League of Nations, acting in its super-sovereign capacity, has the power to direct this Government to revise its existing treaties to conform to its covenant, or constitution, and to prevent the making of a treaty in the future that it might deem inconsistent with its constitution, have we not, by accepting its provisions, and making them the supreme law of the land, engaged in an act of legislation repugnant to our own Constitution? And if we have would not our ratification at this time be a void act? Whatever may be one's views with respect to the merits or demerits of this proposed League, is it not reasonably certain that its validity will some day be questioned upon either, or both, of the grounds here discussed? And its provisions, having the force and effect of statutes, once it is adopted, may not their constitutionality be tested in the Court as might any other *ultra vires* Act of Congress?

CHARLES KERR.

POLAND'S STRUGGLE AND THE WORLD'S PEACE

BY SIGISMOND STOJOWSKI

THE re-establishment of the Polish Republic has been not only a long deferred act of historical justice, but also a measure of political necessity in evidence of President Wilson's true and noble words that "the right thing is the expedient thing." Obviously Russia must remain screened off from Germany, if she is to work out her salvation. The Germans themselves, confident in the world's continued blindness, are unafraid of confessing that a strong and powerful Poland would be the sole obstacle to Germany's possible revenge and future world-dominion. Yet, France alone seems fully to realize the fact, because—it may be—hit the hardest, she learned the dire lesson best. The great old man of France wrote to the Polish Ambassador in Paris: "France, adhering to her traditions and in accord with her Allies, will do her utmost to revive Poland according to her national aspirations and within her historical borders."

Unfortunately, this accord is sadly lacking. Complacent ignorance and political gambling have found their way, as they did before, to the green table of diplomatists and into channels of public information so as to endanger great and salutary achievements. Tender mercies have been extended to the beaten foe; severities, accusations, even injustice are reserved to friends. The make-shift of a free city of Danzig which had been tried in the early nineteenth century and did not work, except for Prussian intrigue, is being applied again. Shorn of her rights along the sea, Poland is yet uncertain of victory in the Western borderlands where "the foe of humanity" has been allowed a free hand for poisonous propaganda and violence unabashed. Yet, Ludendorff himself repeatedly emphasizes in his book that the possession of the mining districts of Upper Silesia was the basic and indispensable condition of a successful Prussian war on a

double front. It is almost universally ignored that the output in coal of this one stolen province is equivalent to that of the entirety of France. When the Polish Deputies of Silesia took their stand upon Germany's acceptance of President Wilson's fourteen points, including the reunion of Polish lands torn asunder, in the midst of the uproar created in the Assembly, President Fehrenbach hurled at them the reproach: "You want to kill the Prussian industry." The Polish Deputy Korfanty retorted: "The Prussian industry is war." A worldwide gallery is now anxiously watching Germany rent by civil strife, but over there a remarkable unity of front is presented, including all wings of extreme opinion, when it comes to the retention of the rich province of Upper Silesia. All stratagems of force and fraud have been employed in order to frustrate Poland in the plebiscite which a faint-hearted desire to placate Germany has conceded in regions that should have remained undisputed. That the Polish population reaches almost 90 per cent in these regions is of no consequence to German Junkers and Socialists alike. Nor does it seem to be, alas! to the misguided advocates of German recuperation in the Allied camp. About these mining districts which have proved such a deadly weapon in Prussia's "hand of violence," a British economist, Mr. Keynes, is moved to say that "Poland does not need them." On such sorry premises, and without alarm, this strange prophet ventures to threaten that Poland may tumble "into the arms of anyone who comes along." The world would have to pay a heavy penalty if concern for German prosperity really could command such a sacrifice.

While still in the pangs of birth, the new Poland is called upon to fight again—as old Poland did for centuries—the godly fight of Western civilization and freedom against Eastern barbarians. Underfed and underclad, the Polish army yet remains undaunted. So a new call for peace resounds, luring the world, perhaps, into some new trap? Solidarity of danger implying solidarity of purpose might prompt the fear lest the negotiations remain "fruitless because faithless." Instead, the hallucinations of our horror-stricken friends conjure up a fabulous monster in our own ranks: the bug-bear of Polish Imperialism! In the name—supposedly—of that same ethnographical principle so imprudently discarded along Poland's Western frontier, great

ado is being raised that Poland might trespass beyond the Eastern border provisionally assigned to her. In high quarters—apparently—the oracle has spoken that “Russia must not be dismembered.” At a distance of several thousand miles of land and sea, the slogan may perfectly fit prudent diplomatic policy along the old line of “wait and see.” In the midst of the turmoil Poland can hardly wait and cannot fail to see. Having been dismembered herself, she would not care to take part in any dismemberment. But what power on earth can hold back the clock of history and prevent from falling apart that which is rotten in its foundations?

Why should Poland—exhausted, famished, poverty-stricken—fight the Bolsheviks? Some people think she is drawing chestnuts out of the fire for the sake of others. Everybody knows that all her energies are sorely needed for the gigantic task of reconstruction after five years of war and over a century of slavery. But already Mr. Paderewski, the former Premier, averred that “one cannot fight Bolshevism with the Bible alone.” While the guns are thundering behind the peace proposals of the Soviets, naïve souls over here keep asking whether the Poles had not better retire behind their own borders. Putting aside the military side of the problem, how could the Poles forsake those peoples in whose breasts the craving for liberty has begun to stir and even those of their own stock who would keep a Polish heart in spite of a century of oppression? Has not Poland ever been a protector of small nations? Has not Polish blood flowed everywhere whenever liberty was at stake? Can the new Poland turn a deaf ear to the legitimate aspirations of its own “Irredenta”, and would it be wise for the world to leave it an open sore?

The Peace conditions of the Polish Government merely aim to apply the main principle of the new order of things: “Government by the consent of the governed.” That Poland means to appropriate any part of Russia is sheer slander. But the return, pure and simple, of formerly Polish borderlands to Russia, advocated by misinformed or prejudiced advocates of Russia's right of conquest, would be the grossest violation of the very principles in the name of which the mightiest of all wars has been waged and won. Russia's share in Poland's partition can scarcely be held as sacred property.

In 1656, it is true, after the Czar's armies had invaded Lithuania, the Russian deputies offered this argument to the Polish King: "The war must have been right when God gave Lithuania into the Czar's hands and the Czar must not return what God gave him to anybody." Whatever the merit of such a plea, it is high time that the old lie covered by the now obsolete title of "Czar of all the Russias," be, at last, exploded. Geographical misnomers such as "White Russia," "Red Russia," etc., accredited in the Western world for political reasons are largely responsible for confusion of thought mischievously exploited in interested quarters. Between Poland and Russia proper, lay the vast complex of Lithuanian and Ruthenian lands. For physical reasons, Ruthenia failed to develop a large political organization of its own. Split up into many principalities, she could not achieve unity of national development. Many a modern problem has sprung from that very source.

The Grand Dukes, later Czars of Muscovy—"celebrated cut-throats," a French historian calls them,—found themselves in direct competition with the Grand Dukes of Lithuania for the control of Ruthenian lands. When the Teutonic Knights of the Cross—a hornet's nest on the Baltic Coast—threatened her from the other side, Lithuania, taken between two fires, found in neighborly and un-aggressive Poland a salvation-plank. A fraternal union, unique in history, was thus concluded, the spirit of which is expressed in the beautiful words of the preamble to the Act of Horodlo (1413): "Nor can that endure which is not founded upon love." It endured for several centuries, and to the spirit of justice and tolerance which cemented it is due the remarkable fact that Poland's peaceful work as pioneer of democracy, though brutally interrupted by the act of spoliation of three coalescing autocracies, has left traces so deep that not even a century and a half of persecution could stamp them out.

Poland's partition bequeathed to the partitioning Powers problems which the right of might utterly failed to solve. The entire Eastern section of the old Republic, historical Lithuania, an area of over 300,000 square kilometers, had never been and has never become a Russian country. Until 1831 its character was mainly Polish. Lithuania took part in Poland's uprisings against Russia as she had in all of Poland's glories and agonies. Ever

since, the process of Russification assumed the shape of an orgy. Even so—odd as it seems—as late as the 'eighties of last century the White-Ruthenian peasantry thought that the Russian tax-collectors were collecting money for the Polish King. Oppressive Russian rule fostered ignorance on the ground that "better no progress at all than a Polish progress." It thus succeeded in turning conquered lands into what one traveller described as "half a pig-stye and half a hard-labor prison."

During the World War a few weeks sufficed, after the withdrawal of Russian police and bureaucracy, to erase completely the Russian stamp and unexpectedly reveal a Polish survival. The advancing German armies had to dismiss their Russian interpreters and use some Polish ones instead. The old Russian fake-census of 1897 had altogether eliminated Poles where it was ordered there should be none. So, the new census taken by the German armies of occupation in 1916 proved an utter surprise, unpleasant to Germany and Russia alike. The percentages of Polish populations ran into high figures and those Polish minorities that were to be sacrificed, in many places turned into majorities. Important as the "cultural" and "historical" Polish claims are in these regions, they also are supported by present-day statistics.

Besides Poles, however, there are others to be consulted and satisfied. New nationalisms have sprung up and must be taken into account. These occasionally show, it is true, an ominously anti-Polish attitude which their zealots abroad never tire of exaggerating. The raking up of the social question as an anti-Polish weapon and mischievous foreign interference are responsible for that. The Polish-Ruthenian feud in Eastern Galicia was a favorite political game of the Austrian Government. A German-made Lithuania was so designed as to embitter Polish-Lithuanian relations. Great store was laid by Germany and Austria upon an anti-Polish Ukraine as a golden bridge into the heart of the Eastern world. It will be remembered that in the infamous treaty of Brest-Litovsk Germany handed over a large slice of Poland to Ukraine, while, in a secret clause, Russia abandoned the fate of Poland to Germany. Poland never could sink to the moral level of such peacemakers.

In place of and in contrast to the German scheme of the "Balkanization" of Eastern Europe by splitting it up

into hostile communities, the example and tradition of the old Polish Republic offers a rational and possible solution. The principle of a federation of "the free with the free and the equal with the equal"—the old Jagellonian idea which once radiated far and wide, attracting kindred peoples into the orbit of liberal and peaceful Poland—does not appear unworthy of the modern world. The dream may be premature, but certainly is not ungenerous, if some United States of Poland, Latvia, Lithuania, Ruthenia, is thrust as a large belt from the Baltic to the Black Sea, across the German path to the heart of Russia, to the coveted treasures of Asia and to the Pacific Coast.

For the sake of a happy future, the lessons of the past are well worth meditating upon. At the crossways of the European East and West, Poland alone succeeded in reconciling two different worlds and principles. Religion and culture radiating from the two main hearths of Rome and Byzance met right there and drew lines of cleavage which have persisted. So, a leaning towards Catholicism still implies a leaning towards Poland. Yet, Catholic Poland ignored persecution of religion, language and nationality which Russia practised down to the present day. Under changed conditions old perils also have persisted. "Safety first" seems to be calling again for an association of forces among peoples rising to the sun of liberty, lest they be ground to dust between the upper and nether millstones of ever aggressive Teutonism and Bolshevist barbarity. Old Poland grew into a mighty commonwealth without ever waging a war of conquest. The new Poland, faithful to ancient traditions and ideals, means to leave everybody free to choose his destiny. In reply to the patriotic exaltation of a prelate who welcomed the Polish Chief of State in a city of the borderlands, General Pilsudski solemnly declared: "Poland can have in the borderlands but one policy, that of honesty." So plebiscites will be taken of which Poland accepts the issue. In strict accordance with President Wilson's proclaimed creed, everybody's case is to be "judged upon its own merits." But the case of Russia, that is the "status quo ante" based upon Russia's right of spoliation and conquest, although it still is haunting the minds of diplomatists and political writers who lag behind the necessities of the day, seems in a sorry plight by the crude light of facts and numbers. Among the twelve

million inhabitants of the Eastern section of the old Polish Republic, appropriated by Russia in 1772, there are scarcely 100,000 Russians!

Fortunately, Poland is yet a living force. In the new Polish army—numbering about one million men—the spirit of valor and chivalry which spurred Sobieski to noble deeds, seems revived. The mere fact of its raising an organization in a ravaged, downtrodden country is an achievement nothing short of amazing. Way up to the Baltic Coast that army has already brought victory to the Lettish people whom Germanic encroachments kept down and pushed aside. It is now on the way towards the Black Sea, across those wonderfully fertile Ukranian lands, the bloodiest battlefield of all Christianity, soaked for centuries with Polish blood. Will the modern world realize better what Poland's sword and shield mean for its protection than old Europe did whose selfish blindness allowed the "Knight among Nations" to be slain after centuries of service?

The recent Polish-Ukrainian accord is a blow at those dreams of world-dominion that have so far miscarried but may yet be cherished. It may also prove a corner-stone in the reconstruction of disrupted Eastern Europe. This difficult but unavoidable reconstruction is the pivotal issue upon which the welfare of East and West alike depend. Poland alone, by the weight of her numbers as well as by the virtue of her spirit, represents the constructive force that can be trusted and should be helped in this momentous task. In order to achieve it, Poland must fully come into her own, whether her possessions be hidden away from the narrow vision of a distracted world in the East or in the West, contested by false friends or revengeful enemies. She must be restored to the control of all her resources in natural wealth and man-power, firmly established upon the unshakeable rock of territorial integrity and ethnic unity. It is incumbent upon the good will and understanding of the world to use it to its own advantage by helping Poland to strength and victory in a hard struggle, in which she could once more inscribe upon her banners—as did the Polish revolutionaries of 1831:— "For our liberty and yours."

SIGISMOND STOJOWSKI.

THE MYSTERIOUS GREAT

BY ELWORTH POUND

An immense human head on the body of an animal rising out of the earth to which it is perfectly proportioned, gazing inscrutably to the East, the Sphinx propounds a riddle to all who visit it and is said to devour those who cannot answer its: Whence came I? Whither do I go? How? Why?

Maybe those who cannot answer that question, however rich they be, however powerful or heroic or influential, are devoured. Who can tell? In the last analysis, after everything has been accomplished, the honors won, the goals gained, the successes verified, after we have busily rendered what we consider to be our iota of service, what remains? Just, rest? Oblivion? Nirvana? A holiday with angels? What?

The puzzle has confounded many; all try in some manner to answer it; in spite of the blind rush of commercial America, it is the one question which must be asked—and answered. Otherwise, a Sphinx of thoughtless greed and futile ambitions may devour the heart that is ours.

Of course we are answering it volcanically, in our subconscious, hidden, fundamental selves that seeth along for years without our knowledge only to burst forth the lava of some achievement we knew as little about and were as unaware of as San Francisco was of its physical earthquake before it happened. The war was an evidence of this; something many of us believed mentally to be impossible was an emotional primitive certainty before we knew what had happened. And we are not yet over the surprise and shock of it.

If we could be more certain of events—if we could be more certain of ourselves, we would be closer to the master and further from the slave; knowing ourselves more intensely we could be in conscious harmony with the forces

driving us, we could be ready for the earthquakes. If we could answer the How and Why—we in time could be the How and Why! That is why the question is so important.

A solution is possible. The question has been answered. There is a group of men in the world who not only claim to have discovered the riddle of the Sphinx but who modestly admit possessing the power of Life. Most of these men travel under no name; a few call themselves mystics. All of them are *overwhelmed* with their discovery; most of them want to impart their possession to their fellows. None of them quite knows how to do it. They say that the thing they have come into is so consuming that when they try to tell of it, it is like a dumb man endeavoring to describe the taste of some sweet food. At best he can only intimate that it is 'sweet'; the Taste he can put neither in words nor gestures.

This power, according to Richard Maurice Bucke in his book *Cosmic Consciousness*, has been the possession of every great man in the history of the world. He lists them, one after another: Moses, Gautama the Buddha, Socrates, Jesus, Paul, Plotinus, Dante, Pascal, Spinoza, Behren, Shakespeare, Walt Whitman, etc., and shows that they all underwent the same spiritual development, exhibited the same symptoms in similar manners and at similar ages, and achieved in varying degrees somewhat the same results. His book deals only with the first step, the coming into the "cosmic consciousness."

Says Bucke: Like a flash there is presented to his [the subject's] consciousness a clear conception (a vision) in outline of the meaning and drift of the universe. He does not come to believe merely; but he sees and knows that the cosmos, which to the self-conscious mind seems to be made up of dead matter, is in fact far otherwise—is in very truth a living presence. He sees that instead of men being, as it were, patches of life scattered through an infinite sea of non-living substance, they are in reality specks of relative death in an infinite ocean of life. He sees that the life which is in man is eternal, as all life is eternal; that the soul of man is as immortal as God is; that the universe is so built and ordered that without any peradventure all things work together for the good of each and all; that the foundation principle of the world is what we call love, and that the happiness of every individual is in the long run absolutely certain. The person who passes through this experience will learn in the few minutes, or even moments, of its continuance more than in months or of years of study, and he will learn much that no study ever taught or can teach. Especially does he obtain such a conception of The Whole, or at least of an immense

Whole, as dwarfs all conception, imagination, or speculation, springing from and belonging to ordinary self-consciousness, such a conception as makes the old attempts to mentally grasp the universe and its meaning petty and even ridiculous.

This "illumination" which almost always occurs between the ages of thirty and forty is only the first step, the rebirth into what for the initiates is the world of reality. From then on, growth begins. "Except a man be born again, he cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven."

Of course this is hard doctrine to preach. Those who have experienced any form of an "illumination" will know that it is (for them) true. Those who eat and sleep and struggle on the plane of the body will scoff at it as so much unproved and therefore unreliable emotionalizing. They will say that in certain religious, sentimental temperaments the feelings run away with the mind with the result that the person, superstitious, will believe in all sorts of things from ghosts to God. They will tell you that God is all right in his place, but that his place is the laboratory of the "scientist."

The believer replies that "Science" is only an evolution of old magic, that it has little basis in truth because, working only with the reasoning brain which is an almost irrelevant key to the lock of Knowledge, it can know little of what Truth is. He will refer you to the mathematics, the chemistry, astrology, of the ancient Indians, Persians, Egyptians, pointing out that without reason those races ferreted out more of the "scientific" secrets that perplex man than the surface brains of modern wise men have been able to conceive. He will say that in bridges or skyscrapers or subways no vestige of happiness, of wisdom, of "God," will ever be found. He will admit that these "modern improvements" are well enough in their place but he will say that their place certainly is subsidiary. He will tell you that in a moment he can fly spiritually farther and faster than the speediest airplane can transport one bodily in a day. He will suggest casually that matter does not matter because there is no such thing. He will say that there can be nothing deeper in life than one's individual appreciation of Life, and that this appreciation is intensified and perfected not primarily by accomplishments, not by objective activity, but by subjective, introspective, if you will, experience. He will remark with "A. E." (George Rus-

sell) that "sitting in your chair you can travel farther than Columbus travelled and to lordier lands than his eyes had rested on."

For the illuminate a new life begins, a life within himself. All of his past existence becomes a sort of divine analogy; a new struggle commences but it is the struggle of the soul upwards to—God. The interest no longer centers in material things; the power may be used in a great cause which becomes solely material, but the power itself, not the achievement, is of import. The rebirth accomplished, the subject sees the universe with new eyes, his old measure of values vanish, his words and actions are continually colored by the spiritual experience he has undergone, he is no longer of Caesar's world.

Granted the abnormality of persons who undergo such an experience, nevertheless the experience in itself is of such terrific force that it behooves even the most close minded of us to give it our incidental attention. Surely it is worthy of "investigation."

Bucke lays down ten criteria of experience that the illumined exhibit. 1. The subjective light. At the moment of illumination the subject often feels himself enveloped in a flame or rose colored light or aura which surrounds him. 2. A moral elevation. A feeling of rising above love and hate in the ordinary implication of the terms and coming into another love, similar to that felt by artists and poets when they are creatively expressing themselves. 3. An intellectual illumination. The subject *sees* the Whole of the Universe, or comprehends its inherent unity or oneness, for the first time. 4. The sense of immortality. Feeling this oneness, the concept of life and death drops away; only the living heart of things, the *élan vital*, exists. With this feeling comes: 5. The loss of the fear of death. And: 6. The loss of the sense of sin. 7. The illumination is always instantaneous and sudden. 8. The previous character of the subject, intellectual, moral, and physical, undoubtedly is a factor. 9. A tremendous charm or magnetism is added to the personality, and: 10. The experience is of such intensity as to "transfigure the subject" to the extent that the change is visibly noticeable by others. It is then that a man comes into his real power and force.

As a specific example of just what this "illumination" is, it might be well to quote from one of the many cases

listed. Horace Traubel, biographer of Walt Whitman, gives as clear a testimony of the experience as any perhaps. He writes: . . . "That overwhelming night, as I leaned over the railing of the ferryboat, I lost this world for another, and in the anguish and joy of a few minutes saw things heretofore withheld from me revealed. Those who have had such an encounter will understand what this means, others will not or will perhaps only realize it by intimation. I could not separate the physical and spiritual of that moment. My physical body went through the experience of a disappearance in spiritual light. All severe lines in the front of phenomena relaxed. I was one with God, love, the Universe, arrived at last face to face with myself. I was sensible of peculiar mental and moral disturbances and readjustments. There was an immediateness to it all—an indissoluble unity of the several energies of my being in one force. I was no more boating it on a river than winging it in space or taking star leaps, a traveller from one to another of the peopled orbs. While I stood there the boat had got into the slip and was almost ready to go out again. A deckhand who knew me came up and tapped me on the shoulder. . . . I did not see Walt till the next day, evening. In the meantime I had lived through twenty-four hours of ecstasy mixed with some doubt as to whether I had not had a crack in the skull and gone mad rather than fallen under some light and made a discovery. But the first words Walt addressed to me when I sallied into his room were reassuring: "Horace, you have the look of great happiness on your face to-night. Have you had a run of good luck?" I sat down and tried in a few words to indicate that I had had a run of good luck, though not perhaps the good luck he had in mind for me at the moment. He did not seem at all surprised at what I told him, merely remarking, as he put his hand on my shoulder and looked into my eyes: "I knew it would come to you." I suggested: "I have been wondering all day if I am not crazy." He laughed gravely: "No, sane. Now at last you are sane."

And turning to Walt's *Leaves of Grass*!

When I undertake to tell the best I find I cannot,
My tongue is ineffectual on its pivots,
My breath will not be obedient to its organs,
I become a dumb man.

And in his *Prayer of Columbus*:

O I am sure they really come from Thee!
The urge, the ardor, the unconquerable will,
The potent, felt, interior command, stronger than words,
A message from the Heavens, whispering to me even in sleep,
These speed me on.

.....
One effort more—my altar this bleak sand:
That Thou, O God, my life has blighted,
With ray of light, steady, ineffable, vouchsafed of Thee,
(Light rare, untellable—lighting the very light!
Beyond all signs, descriptions, languages!)
For that, O God—be it my latest word—here on my knees,
Old, poor, and paralyzed—I thank Thee.

My terminus near,
The clouds already closing in upon me,
The voyage balk'd—the course disputed, lost,
I yield my ships to Thee.

.....
And, turning to the words of Christ — But each word
of his, whose power was not in but through words, burns
with the supreme illumination! Sometimes he called it his
“Father,” sometimes “the Light,” sometimes “Me:”

Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden,
And I will give you rest.
Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me:
For I am meek and lowly in heart:
And ye shall find rest unto your souls.
For my yoke is easy,
And my burden is light.

The reality only can be suggested. Great poetry tries to put it in words, great deeds suggest it, we can hear it in the silences. But the experience is tremendous and personal. It must come to each man personally before he can know it. It may not be spoken, it may only be spoken about. It has been called Brahma, Vishnu, the Tao, the Li, That, Om, the Word, God, Catholicism. It has rung through every age and every century with a compelling clarity that has swept all before it. Where “It” has evinced itself, has been the fire of great accomplishment. It has been of such terrific force as to leave in its wake thousands and millions of persons who not understanding later have bowed down to It irreverently, who have become ossified in dogma, creed, ritual, fear, and all manner of religions because they could only achieve a small and much perverted fragment of It for

themselves. And yet who shall say that that fragment, that belief, that religion small and narrow and beclouding as it may be, is worse than no belief at all? Disbelief is necessary; Its power runs through heretics and supporters alike; yet all must have a faith. This faith whatever it is, this belief, this It, is all that exists. Without it, life is lethargy, with it life is something dynamic at least, moving, compelling, real. It is not that men will not believe. There is an urge within the most intellectual scientist that goads him on and on. It is that men will not yet believe enough. When they believe enough they will believe *all the way*. Past time and space as important concepts in themselves. Past the mere accumulation of money or properties. Past pleasures and bank accounts. Even past friends, possessions, selfishness. Certainly past churches. Past blind obeisance to any creed or man. Past all things to oneself. Past reasoned impractical concepts to the heart of energy, to the burning vitalizing efficient life force, to It. Then that age will at last be practical in the truest sense of the word.

Schelling in his *Philosophical Letters upon Dogmatism and Criticism* says:

In all of us there dwells a secret marvelous power of freeing ourselves from the changes of time, of withdrawing to our secret selves away from external things, and of so discovering to ourselves the eternal in us in the form of unchangeability. This presentation of ourselves to ourselves is the most truly personal experience, upon which depends everything that we know of the supra-sensible world. This presentation shows us for the first time what real existence is, whilst all else only appears to be. It differs from every presentation of the sense in its perfect freedom, whilst all other presentations are bound, being overweighted by the burden of the object. . . . This intellectual presentation occurs when we cease to be our own object, when, withdrawing into ourselves, the perceiving image merges in the self-perceived. At that moment we annihilate time and duration of time: we are no longer in time, but time, or rather eternity itself (the timeless) is in us. The external world is no longer an object for us, but is lost in us.

Again, the same thing, although Schelling must put it not in the language of the poet but in that of the scholar. But it is the experience, not the phrases that matter. In the works of the greatest writers, somewhere *always* the testimony is found. The greater the volume, the more we may have to hunt it out; when a man's literary output is limited it may usually be found on every page, depending naturally

upon the strength of the illumination. It is in the accomplishments of all our religious teachers, even as a fragment of it is expressed in our Roosevelts and D'Annunzios. It is in each of us.

With the acceptance of the mystical experience comes a new appraisal of current spiritistic, psychic, telepathic, clairvoyant, new thought, phenomena. It is a casual appraisal for the true mystic is well aware of the real force of the universe and cannot be surprised by any trivial manifestations of this force. For him there is something far greater than talking with dead relatives, or reading inconsequential thoughts that one's friends may happen to have, or deciphering the mind, or locating the burial spots of personal treasures of gold or health, or teasing oneself into the knowledge that one is strong enough to sell a hundred boxes of shoes more each year or powerful enough not to get "sick" when consuming meat poisons three times daily. The mystic is interested in none of these things. They still savor too much of the material world; too often they are only the selfish cravings of centered people for more selfhood. Far too seldom are they first steps towards the goal of reality.

Such "spiritualistic" waves come after the close of periods of deep suffering on the part of nations or individuals. With ten million killed by the World War we can well expect an advent of what will be considered falsely by some as the spiritual awakening of the universe. Already it is upon us. The mystic with the materialistic will hold up his hands in horror as the "fad" again strikes the Western world, germinates, flourishes, and dies.

And yet out of any of these movements, as indeed out of any experience in life, can come a close approach to the more permanent, realer thing. So, for instance, in the automatic writing of Mrs. Holland the Myers control speaks:

If it were possible for the soul to die back into life again, I should die from sheer yearning to reach you—to tell you that all that we imagined is not half wonderful enough for the truth. . . . If I could only reach you—if I could only tell you—I long for power and all that comes to me is an infinite yearning—an infinite pain. Does any of this reach you—reach any one—or am I only wailing as the wind wails—wordless and unheeded?

And again:

We no more solve the riddle of Death by dying than we solve the

problem of Life by being born. Take my own case. I was always a seeker—until it seemed at times as if the quest was more to me than the prize. Only the attainments of my search were generally like rainbow gold alway beyond and afar—It is not all clear—I seek still—only with a confirmed optimism more perfect and beautiful than any we imagined before—I am not oppressed with the desire that animates some of us to share our knowledge or optimism with you all before the time. You know who feels like that but I am content that you should wait. The solution of the Great Problem I could not give you—I am still very far from it. . . .

So, occasionally, but not often, we find the dead telling the truth. "The solution of the Great Problem I could not give you—I am still very far from it." As indeed they are so long as they are intent upon being individuals instead of *being*.

Yet the various phases of the greater whole must not be ridiculed: "Mankind comes to Me along many roads, and on whatever road a man comes, on that road do I welcome him, for all roads are Mine."

Indeed! Even the road of Science. Time and space are about to fall: witness, Einstein!

It is clear enough that we civilized have surrendered to our civilization. It is tragically true that buildings have meant more to us as commercial temples than as houses for the soul; we have valued inventions and machines higher than meditation, for our ambitions have run away with us. We know not what we do.

And yet it is just possible that we do know what we do. We of to-day are in the center of the mechanical-mental-commercial civilization of our time. Yet we are in that center with an immense amount of potential energy, and we are just beginning to release it. In us the world has been reborn truly enough: we are its youth. We are making all the mistakes of youth, yet we are driving somewhere. And we are driving at a terrific pace. Before we finish, we will have tamed the universe. All of its physical power will be under our thumbs, at our instant command. Material success will be ours beyond the question of a doubt.

How about the other success? The spirit of Life—will we be able to harness that too? There is reason to believe that we will. "Cosmic consciousness" is a new thing in that man himself is a new thing, being only about one hundred thousand years old. It is as old as the hills because it is the

hills. But one fact is certain: that it is becoming more widespread. There have been something like eight complete cases of cosmic consciousness in the last six hundred years. In eighteen hundred years previous to that, from Gautama to the time of Dante, there were but five complete cases. At this rate, the boldly outstanding examples are four and eight-tenths times as frequent as they used to be.

Bucke looks with great optimism into the future:

All religions known and named to-day will be melted down. The human soul will be revolutionized. Religion will absolutely dominate the race. It will not depend on tradition. It will not be believed and disbelieved. It will not be a part of life, belonging to certain hours, times, occasions. It will not be in sacred books nor in the mouths of priests. It will not dwell in churches and meetings and forms and days. Its life will not be in prayers, hymns, nor discourses. It will not depend on special revelations, on the word of gods who came down to teach, nor on any bible or bibles. It will have no mission to save men from their sins or to secure them entrance to heaven. It will not teach a future immortality nor future glories, for immortality and all glory will exist in the here and now. The evidence of immortality will live in every heart as sight in every eye. Doubt of God and of eternal life will be as impossible as is now doubt of existence; the evidence of each will be the same. Religion will govern every minute of every day of all life. Churches, priests, forms, creeds, prayers, all agents, all intermediaries between the individual man and God, will be permanently replaced by direct and unmistakable intercourse. Sin will no longer exist, nor will salvation be desired. Man will not worry about death or a future, about the kingdom of heaven, about what may come with and after cessation of the life of the present body. Each soul will feel and know itself to be immortal, will feel and know that the entire universe with all its good and with all its beauty is for it, and belongs to it forever. The world peopled by men possessing cosmic consciousness will be as far removed from the world of to-day as this is from the world as it was before the advent of self consciousness.

And it is safe to assume that when that time comes, as it is coming surely, articles such as this one will no longer be written. . . .

ELWORTH POUND.

PHASES OF UNREST—II

WHAT ARE MEN STRIKING AGAINST?

BY SAMUEL CROWTHER

WHY do men strike? You can sometimes put your finger upon the causes of this or that strike, but it seems beyond reason that a man will strike this week for a raise in pay and get it and then turn about and strike for another increase in the following week. While we are accustomed to a certain amount of healthy unrest—the contented American is not much of a citizen—the present seething unrest is not easily explained.

The people are doing less work than they ever did and getting more for it—and the “people” includes not only the people who work for wages, but nearly every one in the community excepting those unfortunates who have to live on pre-war salaries and incomes. The idea of strikes is in the air. People want to strike—to strike first and find out what for afterwards.

The strikes today are just strikes. The men ask for money but they do not strike for money—otherwise they would not be quite as unhappy after they get it as before. These strikes are evidences of nervous disorder and perhaps something more. They may become something decidedly more serious unless a sedative be found to cure the nervousness, for it is of the progressive type.

Look at some of the causes as glibly given. The first cause assigned is “the spread of radical Socialism.” But radical Socialism in its Bolshevik or any other form is not a cause but an effect. It is a revolution of serfs against serfdom, and although being a serf is more often a mental attitude than a fact, you cannot get even serfs to revolt unless they are acutely tired of being serfs. It is true that the delusion that all wealth is due to the workers and should be owned by them is widespread, largely because the various

Governments of the world recently talked so much about the man at the bench winning the war that many of the men believed it. It is always unfortunate for Governments to be taken at their word; it is very awkward indeed for a ruler to issue bales of political promissory notes and then have people, instead of keeping them as souvenirs, turn up with them naïvely expecting payment. It tends to destroy the effect of government by phrases. But, however far the Governments have gone in confirming the statements of the social revolutionists, the American working people are not so far deluded by those unacquainted with the traditions of America as to swallow the whole programme of the social revolution. A certain number of people are talking about the "new world," but they are in the minority.

The symptoms are not those of the social revolution. Only a few enthusiasts are more than lukewarm about the Plumb Plan for the control of the railroads; and the advocates of nationalization are all careful to state that the goal is the profits which capital is supposed now to be getting—and not a new social order. The Seattle strike was put across by talking about the stupendous profits of capital. The agitators at one shipyard brought the men out on the statement that the company was making \$60 a day out of each man, while they only gave him a pittance of \$6. The alliteration of the appeal was so perfect that the unattractive fact that, multiplying the \$60 by the number of workmen resulted in a sum five times greater than all the contracts which the company held, did not even raise a doubt that perhaps the speakers had slightly erred! The wages as paid do not satisfy. The men think that it is the wages, and so do many of the employers, but is it the wages or the kind of money that the wages are paid in?

Under the wage system, we must have some kind of a moderately stable medium in which to pay wages. The dollar, for many years before the war, had been steadily, although gradually, decreasing in purchasing power. But the process was so deliberate that it never caused dissatisfaction with the dollar as a medium of exchange. Wages underwent periodical adjustments which met the changed power of the dollar, but the major reason for these changes was the competition of capital for labor and not the depreciation in the purchasing value of the currency. For all practical purposes one might consider the dollar as fixed.

One could always visualize it. It was possible, for instance, to pay a man a dollar for doing a certain bit of work and to have both the payer and the payee know rather definitely how much actual value was exchanged. Each side knew just about what it could buy in food and clothing for a dollar and, therefore, each knew whether the work and wage were in relation. Now all that has disappeared.

Within the space of two years, we have seen the dollar drop at least one half in purchasing power. If it had dropped one-half everywhere and all at once—that is, if all prices denoted in dollars had exactly doubled, we should have been in no particular difficulty, for every one excepting the *rentier* might simply have doubled up and been just where he was before. But, unfortunately, this decrease in purchasing power did not come all at once and is not level. Some things increased in price—while others were not, generally speaking, much affected until raises had taken place in practically all of the commodities. As in all periods of rapidly increasing prices, real estate values were the last to be affected. All the changes, however, were irregular and spasmodic. They were accentuated in localities by a certain amount of that profiteering which is inseparable from rising prices. The whole situation has been confusing.

The average man does not understand how it is that a dollar can change in value. A dollar looks just the same today as it did in 1913 or 1914. The Government says that it is a dollar and everyone takes it as such. It is not generally understood that the denomination stamped upon any particular piece of currency is only for the purpose of providing a unit of calculation. Governments, no matter how much they might desire so to do, can no more fix the commodity equivalent of currency than they can regulate the visibility of the moon. The elements which go to form the buying power at the moment of any bit of currency are very numerous and complex, and no one really knows all about them.

Our currency and the currency of all of the more important countries of the world (at least nominally) are upon what is known as a gold basis, and normally it makes no difference whether we use the actual metal or paper secured by it as hand currency. A dollar is worth a certain amount of fine gold. When the supply of gold decreases,

the dollar naturally increases in value; when the supply of gold increases—then the value of the dollar, other things being equal, decreases. The more gold there is in the world, the more of it will be needed to buy a certain amount of production. The buying power of gold is regulated, as everything else is regulated, by the law of supply and demand. Just because we have a definite name for a coin corresponding to a definite amount of gold by no means settles the question of how much value the gold or the currency based on it will buy.

The workman, being unversed in the elements which go to make up the value of money, thinks that when a value suddenly changes, somebody or other has been fooling with the currency. The American public truly love an anthropomorphic devil, and there is no contentment in blaming an impersonal economic force for a personal economic distress. The fact that high prices in particular commodities and in particular communities are sometimes due in part to speculation, just as extremely low prices are sometimes due to the collapse of speculation, gives a personal basis for high prices and opens the way for the universal remedy of suing someone. High prices are always taken by working men, politicians, and other uninformed classes, to be caused by a group of individuals to whom, for the time being, they are willing to ascribe supernatural powers. These individuals are always rich men, and, therefore, the conclusion is inevitable that the machinations of capital cause the woes that happen to be fashionable.

The inflation of currency and credit mediums throughout the world is behind the general unrest. It is the big cause. The trouble is that Capital, as the personal devil, is given all the jobation!

The inflation is due partially to the destruction of property incident to war, which involves not only the destruction of buildings and factories and ships, but also the property, such as guns and ammunitions, which is destroyed in the process of destroying; and then on top of all this waste, we have the other great waste involved in inefficient production of things which are designed to destroy. There is the waste of the actual destruction of property, there is the waste of making things which are themselves to be destroyed, and then there is the waste of the withdrawal from productive activity of many millions of men who would

otherwise be engaged in adding to the wealth of the world.

The net worth of the world is very much less now than it was in 1914, but to facilitate the dissipation of wealth we have put many times the normal amount of money into circulation and have created stupendous bank deposits. Every nation has not only spent far in excess of its income for non-productive purposes, but also has mortgaged a large proportion of its assets and future income.

The value of money depends upon the supply of commodities. The actual supply of commodities has decreased while the supply of money has increased. That is, the actual wealth has decreased, while the money which is supposed to represent that wealth has increased—therefore, money must buy less. And, because the changes come so suddenly, the exact value of money is undetermined; I say money, but because there was not enough gold and silver to use as hand mediums, all of the metal was retained by the various countries and, instead of being freely used as currency, was held to cover paper currency. The paper obligations everywhere, excepting in this country, are really not at all covered by gold and are only nominally, and not actually, redeemable in gold. But the worker thinks of this paper in its old relation to gold. He does not understand why it does not buy. And mystery always breeds unrest.

The money and credits are entirely out of proportion with the surviving wealth. In many parts of Germany, for instance, money has so lost its value that farmers refuse to exchange agricultural products for money; they insist upon trading in kind. The same is true in Austria and Hungary, while in Russia the paper was put into circulation in order to destroy the idea of money in the minds of the people. The other belligerent countries followed the same course, but without the same intention.

Breaking up the value of money involves an almost endless number of difficulties, and one of the most serious is the entire derangement of the wage scale.

It is inevitable that each fresh demand for high wages on the part of labor unaccompanied by higher production, followed as they are by higher profits on the part of the employer unaccompanied by higher service, should jolt prices all around. The most familiar case of this is the advance of railroad rates to cover an arbitrary wage increase. If it costs a dollar to transport an ordinary household article

and the rate is raised to \$1.50, then that article must cost more at retail, and all of the people who buy will find their cost of living increased by so much and will therefore need higher incomes. The railway men soon found that the increase in wages which they got was overcome by the unexpected increase in the price of commodities. In order to maintain their former margin, they must have another raise, and thus these inequalities swing through the circle, leaving always a trail of discontent. They culminate in a wage system left without a medium in which to pay wages. Then enter the Marxian quacks.

Wages have to come out of production; there is no other way of paying them. And, if you advance wages merely by raising the cost of articles, you do not advance wages at all; in fact, you only tend to lower their actual buying power and to add confusion to an already sufficiently confused state of affairs.

If the disordered purchasing power of the currency—call it inflation of currency, or inflation of credit, or anything else that you like—is caused by an excess of that which is supposed to represent wealth, over wealth itself, then the only remedy is to increase the wealth.

The only way to increase wealth is by production.

It may not be wholly desirable to return to the former purchasing power of the dollar. The immense war debt was created in terms of a depreciated currency. If the currency be materially appreciated—if, for instance, it could by any miracle be restored to its pre-war purchasing power, then the war debts would be twice as great a burden, approximately, as they now are. The psychological way to dispose of these war debts is to keep on calling a dollar a dollar, but to let it buy only fifty cents worth. That is what has always been done in some degree or other in the repayment of a war loan. The *rentiers* have held the bag.

But, whether it be upon the present basis of currency values or not, it is inevitably necessary at least to get down to some kind of a valuation, and the only way to stabilize present values is to nail them down with adequate production.

There are numerous anti-production ideas about, and they are finding considerable encouragement abroad where the propaganda of production for use instead of production for profit is being put forward as a panacea. A number of

drastic suggestions for deflation are being urged, but there is a suspicion that behind them is the desire to destroy the capitalistic system rather than to benefit the currency. Some of the Slovak republics are simply calling in money and destroying it, while in other countries, particularly in Austria and Hungary, frank repudiation is popular. In this country the most "liberal" idea is to impose excessively high taxes, but the popularity of that thought arises not so much from the possible reaction on prices, but on the side of the levelling of fortunes. And then there is the resounding slogan of "high prices and prosperity." A rise in prices due to the depreciation of the currency, or to the inflation of currency or credit—all of which practically amount to the same thing—is most elusive because the earmarks are those of prosperity. It is quite impossible to get out of the minds of people in general that a lot of dollars is not always good. Rising prices do stimulate buying and, for a time, stimulate production. Inflation always increases bank deposits. Bank deposits are considered as an index of prosperity. Therefore, people are inclined to regard a period of inflation as one of exuberant prosperity.

It seems almost unnecessary to note that if you borrow \$5,000 from a bank, and it is credited to your account, the deposits will be swollen by \$5,000; and that, as you distribute this new buying power, the deposits of other banks will rise, and that the \$5,000 will stay in circulation as purchasing power until somebody pays it off. It can be paid off only out of savings; it is not paid off by shifting loans, and while it remains in circulation, it is not wealth, but merely purchasing power. Wealth is based only on production—on things. Bank deposits have increased anywhere from 50 per cent to 100 per cent; the wealth of the country has not increased—if it has increased at all—in anything like that amount. So, therefore, a considerable proportion of our bank deposits—what proportion we do not know—are nothing more than inflation.

The idea that all this inflation can be decreased by merely seizing upon the capital accumulations of the country, and that such a seizure would be to the benefit of the working class, arises out of a lack of knowledge as to what capital is and what it does.

There is a failure to realize that the accumulation of capital is always for the benefit of the entire community

and that, whoever may be the owners, the community always benefits to a much larger (even though not to such a spectacular) extent as does the advertised owner.

If the entire surplus income of a rich man is taken, the rich man himself is not harmed. He cannot, under any circumstances, waste more than an inconsiderable part of a large income, no matter how keen may be his desire to waste. The major part of a large income must inevitably go into investment channels. If the Government takes the income it can only invest it, and Governments are preternaturally inefficient in investment.

When capital accumulations are rapid, then there will inevitably be sharp bidding by the owners of that capital for means to employ it. Capital cannot be made productive without the addition of labor. If there is more capital than labor, then labor's wages must rise; if there is more labor than capital, then wages must go down.

Those who urge the redistribution of capital so that less capital will be available for the advancement of industry are working valiantly in the direction of lowering wages and not of improving them, as they think they are.

Wages, to repeat, depend upon production. Production is increased by placing more and better equipment in the hands of labor. That equipment can be bought only with capital.

It is urged, however, that more production means slavery for the wage earner. And so much emphasis was placed upon production in England, or rather upon schemes for high production after the war, that the radical leaders have succeeded in convincing the people there that greater production will be only for the benefit of capital, and will not affect labor. That is, of course, due to a misconception of what wages are and where they come from. But the misconception is not confined entirely to the wage earners.

Many employers look upon high production as an opportunity for continued high profits.

The fundamental error which both sides fall into is in neglecting to remember that production is not merely a good thing in itself, but, that in order to keep up production, somebody has to buy what is produced. A high rate of production, without the economies which large production make possible, quickly fills up the market. The goods cannot be moved if they are priced as were the goods of low

production. But they can quickly be moved and, in apparently any quantity, if increased production is accompanied by decreased price.

It is not possible to saturate a market with goods. What is meant by "saturation of the market" is that the seller of the goods refuses to avail himself of the economies of production in order to reduce the price of the goods. It is not the goods but the price that saturates. Steadily increased production compels the management of capital to be exceptionally skillful. It must improve processes to gain profits at selling prices which are less than the cost in less intensive production. The old idea, brought to its fullest development probably in the clothing trade, was that skill in management was unnecessary and that the costs of the production were to be saved by bearing down upon the human element. The same lack of acquaintance with business displays itself in those who, after every advance in wages, say that prices cannot go down unless wages are lowered. They do not realize that highly skilled production at low wages, results in glutted markets, because those who work for wages have then no surplus buying power—they must spend all for the absolute necessities of life. It is a neat and comforting equation!

The backward employer and the average labor leaders are curiously in agreement on one economic fallacy. This sort of employer, failing to improve the possibilities of his business, works for high production, not necessarily with low labor costs, but with low wages. Labor costs and wages are very different. The labor leader works for high wages and a strictly limited production. If this sort of employer had his way, he would speedily have a great lot of goods on hand and no one to buy them. If the labor leader had his way—and lately he seems to be getting it—his people would have large amounts of money and nothing to buy with it.

It is disagreeably un-Utopian and perhaps quite out of keeping with modern counsels which must indeed be modestly put forth if they are not of perfection, to be unable to plan any workable scheme by which Labor and Capital can both be happy and prosperous without working. One single section of Capital and Labor may arrange to get more money for less work, but their success is shortlived. The demagogue leads foolish workmen into believing that the

wages in their industry can be permanently raised and, at the same time, production can be decreased.

A case directly in point is our own railroads. During the twenty years before the war there was an enormous increase in efficiency of construction and management. Compare the heavy rails and the powerful locomotive hauling a long train of cars, with the light rails, wheezy locomotives, and short trains of not so long ago, and you will realize something of this efficiency. In the period from 1900 to 1917, the average wage of railroad employees increased. But the charge to the public decreased. Since 1917, with the Government in control, the number of railway employees has increased, the total wages have increased at the rate of 62 per cent a year, while the public is paying an increased passenger rate of 50 per cent and an increased freight rate of at least 25 per cent, and is in addition making up a large deficit out of taxes! Why? The high wages were not accompanied by additional compensating efficiency of management or of men.

All of this, however, they say, can be cured by the nationalization of industry, and no disagreeable emphasis need be placed upon production. Let the State step in and trouble will step out. Will it?

Nationalization is hardly the way out. It does not make a growth where there was no growth before. Our national problem is not so much further to destroy as it is further to construct. It may be phrased in this wise:

I. We have spent in advance of our income, we have created credit and buying power for war purposes ahead of our ability to produce. We have pledged a certain amount of future production.

II. What means can we devise to restore the balance, and, at the same time, better not the condition of one class as against another, not the condition of the man who works with his hands as against the man who works with his head, but to benefit all classes?

The general answer is obvious. We can make up the deficiencies only by providing more wealth and we can provide more wealth only by increasing the facilities for increasing wealth. It is the function of capital to produce wealth. But where can we find the capital?

SAMUEL CROWTHER.

"CONCURRENT POWER"—A REPLY

BY JOSEPH E. POTTLE of the Georgia Bar

THE scholarly and temperate discussion of the Eighteenth Amendment by Monroe Buckley, in the March number of the REVIEW, arouses a line of thought of vast importance to the legal profession, and to the people of the nation. At the threshold we are met with the inquiry, how far and to what extent the provisions of Section 2, that "The Congress and the several States shall have concurrent power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation," is effective.

As Mr. Buckley correctly says, the amendment, including Section 2, is a grant of power by the States to the Federal Government, and this grant is apparently made with the limitation that it shall be exercised "concurrently," or at the same time both by the National and the State legislatures.

It is difficult to understand how it will be practicable, if indeed possible, to enforce this provision or limitation. Section 2 of Art. 6 of the Constitution declares that "This Constitution and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof . . . shall be the supreme law of the land, and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the constitution of any state to the contrary notwithstanding."

The so-called Volstead Act, passed over the President's veto, was passed under the provisions of the Prohibition Amendment, and is therefore under the plain terms of the constitutional section above quoted "the supreme law of the land." It is an absurdity to say that a legislative act is supreme, if it must engage in a sort of rivalry with another legislative act. The Volstead Act permits the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors under certain restrictions and for certain purposes. The Georgia statute prohibits its sale

or manufacture for any purpose whatsoever. The former fixes a penalty of a fine not exceeding \$1000.00, or imprisonment not exceeding six months; the latter makes the manufacture of liquor a felony punishable by imprisonment in the penitentiary. The Volstead Act permits the possession of liquors by a citizen in his own home for the use of his family and his bona fide guests; the Georgia statute punishes the possession of any liquid containing any percentage of alcohol in a private residence or elsewhere.

These constitute merely an illustration of how inextricably confusing the situation will be when the Volstead Act, “the supreme law of the land,” comes to be enforced in Georgia, and at the same time Georgia with her “concurrent” and equally “supreme (?)” law, undertakes to enforce her statutory provisions on the same subject. The truth seems to me to be that in the very nature of things there can be no such thing as two active “supreme” powers, and that that power which is really subordinate and inferior must yield to that which is supreme.

The epoch-making case of *Sturges vs. Crowninshield*, reported in 4 Wheaton, page 122, seems to be a controlling authority on this question. That case involved the validity of the bankrupt act of New York of 1811, which sought to relieve debtors of their obligations upon surrender of their property. The two questions made by the record were, first, whether the State bankrupt act was a valid exercise of power by the State, in view of the Federal Constitutional provision which gives the Federal Legislature power to “Establish . . . uniform laws on the subject of bankruptcies throughout the United States,” and, second, whether that act was valid in view of the Federal Constitutional provision that no state “Shall pass any law impairing the obligations of contracts.”

In opening the argument for the plaintiff in error, Mr. Daggett said:

The 8th section of the 1st article of the Constitution is wholly employed in giving powers to Congress. Those powers had hitherto been in the state legislatures or in the people. The people now thought fit to vest them in Congress. The effect of thus giving them to Congress may be fairly inferred from the language of the 10th article of the amendments to the Constitution, which declares, that ‘the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.’ The expression is in the disjunctive; not delegated nor

prohibited. The inference is, therefore, fair, that if a power is delegated, or prohibited, it is not reserved. Every power given by the Constitution, unless limited, is entire, exclusive, and supreme. The national authority over subjects placed under its control is absolutely sovereign; and a sovereign power over the same subject cannot co-exist in two independent legislatures.

The language, "The national authority over subjects placed under its control *is absolutely sovereign; and a sovereign power over the same subject cannot co-exist in two independent legislatures,*" appears to me to state irresistibly the true law. Nor can the fact that the supreme power is granted to the national legislature with the limitation that the States shall have concurrent power, affect its soundness. In other words, this limitation, if effective, necessarily nullifies the grant of power to the Congress. Supreme power must rest somewhere. Concurrent power negatives the existence of supreme power. If supreme power in the case of the Eighteenth Amendment rests anywhere, it must rest in the Congress. Unless it does rest in the Congress, it rests nowhere, and therefore the amendment itself is valueless.

Again, Mr. Daggett in the case above cited used this language, "It cannot be denied that if Congress exercise this power (bankruptcy legislation) the States are divested of it." The opinion of the court in *Sturges vs. Crowninshield* was pronounced by the great Chief Justice Marshall, and he disposes of the contention that the power of legislation on the subject of bankruptcy was concurrent in the national and State legislatures thus:

When the American people created a national legislature, with certain enumerated powers, it was neither necessary nor proper to define the powers retained by the States. These powers proceed, not from the people of America, but from the people of the several States; and remain, after the adoption of the Constitution, what they were before, except so far as they may be abridged by that instrument. In some instances, as in making treaties, we find an express prohibition; and this shows the sense of the convention to have been, that the mere grant of a power to Congress did not imply a prohibition on the States to exercise the same power. But it has never been supposed that this concurrent power of legislation extended to every possible case in which its exercise by the States has not been expressly prohibited. The confusion resulting from such a practice would be endless. The principle laid down by the counsel for the plain-

tiff, in this respect, is undoubtedly correct. Whenever the terms in which a power is granted to Congress, or the nature of the power, required that it should be exercised exclusively by Congress, the subject is as completely taken from the State legislatures as if they had been expressly forbidden to act on it.

In this great opinion the Chief Justice admits that until Congress exercises its constitutional power to legislate on the subject the States retain that right, but holds that once the Congress exercises the power, all power over the subject is lost to the several States.

Mr. Buckley states the case thus:

The Prohibition Amendment is a grant by the States of power, but—mark this—of concurrent power, to legislate for a certain purpose. Being a grant of power, it increases the powers already granted only to the extent expressly given. It is also a reservation of power to the several States. They have in effect said to the Federal Government: ‘In the exercise of our sovereignty we have prohibited the liquor traffic. We give you power to enforce that prohibition. We reserve to ourselves the same power that we grant you. You are limited to the terms of our grant and such action as is necessary to carry it out. We, on the other hand, retain the same power that we give you. The power that we grant and the power that we retain are concurrent, mutual and equal.’

This is true, but the difficulty is that the grant of power to Congress to legislate is necessarily a grant of supreme power, and that the retention of “concurrent, mutual and equal power” is in the very nature of things an absolute nullity.

If the views above expressed are not sound; if forty-eight States may pass laws to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment, and Congress may do the same in every State, then there is imminent danger that that great provision in the Constitution of the United States, and those of every State in the Union, that “No man shall be placed in jeopardy twice for the same offense,” will be in substance and in effect nullified.

For example, it is a misdemeanor in Georgia to have in one’s possession any alcoholic or malt liquors, regardless of the alcoholic content; the Volstead Act makes it a misdemeanor to have in one’s possession liquor containing one-half of one per cent of alcohol by volume. It is entirely conceivable that a citizen can be convicted in both the State and Federal courts for having liquor in his possession, and

yet not literally, though substantially, convicted twice for the same offense.

Finally, therefore, I do not agree with the conclusion reached by Mr. Buckley, when he says, "So here, the supremacy given to the laws of the United States must give way to the new enactment so far as the latter impinges upon it." When this power was given to the United States by the several States, it was *supreme*, and no reservation of "concurrent" power can be effectual either theoretically or practically.

JOSEPH E. POTTLE.

THE REBIRTH OF THE FARM HOME

BY HELEN JOHNSON KEYES

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OUR present civilization is so blindly urban that there is a tendency to ignore the fact that the earth underlies all our boulevards, basements and towering architecture; that we are fed by the earth, not by tin containers, grocers' shelves and market counters.

Nor should we conceive our dependence on the country as exclusively material. From our farms flows into our cities every year a large population, which influences our city churches, schools, business, finance and social intercourse. These two elements in our civilization, country and city, are continually fusing and it is of the utmost importance that each shall be vigorous, for a nation, like a chain, is only as strong as its weakest link.

Less than a hundred years ago, when mechanical inventions crowded thickly upon one another and gave rise to a new form of civilization, our nation changed with bewildering rapidity, from a rural existence to an urban one. The youth of the country fled from the unresponsive fields of their fathers and grandfathers—fields exhausted by a type of farming which took the fruits of the earth without rendering again the elements which had been removed—to city factories offering more money, shorter hours and greater diversion. This caused the institutions which once had been strong in the country to grow feeble. Country churches lost their attendance, country schools failed to educate their pupils to meet successfully the conditions of a changed world; the farm home, impoverished by the loss of sons and daughters to city industries, became discouraged. Old social customs were discontinued and social life on the farm either stagnated or else made confused ef-

forts to copy city forms, which are contrary to the spirit of the open country. Thus the farm home lost its individuality and was no longer fully self-conscious. This condition menaced the integrity of the nation and set in motion new legislation to correct it.

In the year 1862 the world-old dignity of farming was asserted by the establishment of the United States Department of Agriculture. The same year, in the midst of the Civil War, President Lincoln approved the Morrill Act, which provided for the support of at least one college in each State where branches of learning relating to agriculture and the mechanical arts should be taught, in addition to the usual curriculum and military tactics. More than twenty years later in 1888 the Hatch Act gave to each State annually fifteen thousand dollars a year for Agricultural Experiment Stations. Bequests having in view the rehabilitation of the American farm followed one another with considerable frequency and the natural momentum which these gathered was further accelerated during the war by emergency funds to aid the production and conservation of foods and other staples, until now the organization of our rural territory is so remarkable that it deserves a larger share of popular knowledge and interest than has ever been given it.

The measure which is, perhaps, most radical and far-reaching in its effects is the Smith-Lever Act of 1914 which provides for Federal and State funds to be applied to the teaching of agriculture and home economics, not in the classroom but in the fields and homes. Prior to the Act the work itself had had an informal but successful incipency in the South, suggesting the value of such an endowment. The Smith-Lever funds increase yearly until in 1922-23 they will reach their maximum with an aggregate sum for the country at large of \$8,680,000 annually.

The form of service which comes under this provision is known as cooperative extension work. It stretches from the college to the home, making instruction in certain practical subjects available at all ages and without the inconvenience of classroom attendance. It is cooperative because it is under the control of the United States Department of Agriculture and one agricultural college in each State. In twenty-nine States of the North and West it functions through a county organization of farmers' families known as the Farm Bureau, which is itself a coordinating institu-

tion for local clubs. In separate communities, for instance, men and women may unite in clubs for the furtherance of certain occupations, such as the growth of a new forage crop, scientific poultry raising, gardens, health measures, or child welfare. These community programmes are presented to the Farm Bureau, which if so desired, appeals to the State college for an agent who will assist local endeavor. These agents go into the communities and there on the farmers' acres and in homes, clubs, granges, schools, churches demonstrate the results of experiments which have been carried on in the experiment stations, colleges and United States Department of Agriculture. This practical teaching, together with lectures, movable schools—which travel through the country and last from a week to a month at certain centers; correspondence courses, exhibits, fairs and the organization of farmers' clubs for the study of agricultural and housekeeping methods are, in brief, the machinery of extension work. The purpose is always the development of local initiative and leadership. Like the medical profession, it seeks a goal which would make unnecessary its own existence.

The first phase of this endeavor was with the farmer himself and had its origin in the South under the tragic conditions of the ravages of the boll-weevil. That, however, is a story by itself. Eventually in the North, too, the agent came into close and friendly touch with the farmers of his county, showing them how to build up their soils, the value of new crops and the methods of their cultivation, the means of destroying pests, and ways to find or create markets.

When we realize that every one of our States is organized for this work and that out of the 2,936 counties existing in the United States 2,300 are supplied with agents, we realize how active are the farming forces in our country. We can not wonder that impoverished soils are yielding again, that new crops are appearing, that even the once arid regions of scant rainfall in the Middle West are blossoming under a new culture. It has been a satisfaction to watch the embellishment of many landscapes with the fine barns and silos and neat fencing which proclaim the prosperous and thrifty landowner.

We have spoken of extension education as concerning itself at first only with the farmer. What is the poor little structure which yet remains on many farms to tremble

bleakly near the road, its weather-streaked paint appearing yet more dingy in the glow of the well-painted out-buildings? What relation to it does the old pump bear, set down in a field several yards away? Whose is the bent figure which passes often back and forth between pump and house?

The weather-beaten structure is the farm *home* (God save the mark!); the distant pump its water system; the bent figure the wife of the prosperous farmer carrying back and forth the water for her washing, for her cleaning, for the family's bathing and drinking. That error in economic theory which classified woman's work in the home as non-productive has caused the pitiful survival on many farms of this anachronism. Until the error was discovered, it seemed extravagant to spend money on the home, which was regarded as yielding no interest, whereas outlay on barns and silos resulted directly in better stock and crops, which are marketable.

There was no conscious cruelty in this interpretation. It was just a business error. The farmer who allowed his wife to carry gallons of water every day, whereas he introduced running water into his barns for the better care of his cattle did so, after all, with the idea of increasing his investments for the benefit of his family. He lacked imagination; he lacked originality, but he was not consciously cruel. For many years his wife reasoned no better than he and no more kindly to herself.

Then one day the shell of tolerance cracked and a question which had been incubating in the darkness, broke out. "Why is *not* the work of the farm wife productive? Could the farmer's business continue without his home and a woman to keep it? A lawyer or a merchant may be a bachelor without injury to his business; but can a farmer afford to be unmarried? Who would feed and shelter him and his hired men? Is not his wife's work, then, the very tap-root of the farm's productiveness?"

There was only one way to reply to the question and that affirmative answer has brought into being within about six years a new profession, that of the home demonstration agent, whose privilege it is to help the farm home to make itself as comfortable as the town house, as efficient as is a business organization, and yet to remain as flexible and cozy as any old-fashioned dreamer can desire.

The home demonstration agent is the feminine voice

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in coöperative extension work. Like the county agent she is responsible to the United States Department of Agriculture and her State agricultural college and works through the county organization, local clubs, and local ability wherever she finds it. She is preferably a college graduate with a degree in home economics and it is better that she should be a farm woman in whom, therefore, knowledge of the problems which she is to help in solving is ingrained and organic. She is essentially a discoverer of people and a developer of innate ability. Here are three incidents, showing how by her assistance communities have built themselves up into forces:

In a certain State where corn grows fast lay a community of farmers whose prosperity was evidenced by the splendid cultivation of their acres and by the construction of the buildings which rose upon them. Unfortunately, however, in some cases the homes and the school houses were noticeably inferior to the barns and, similarly, the appearance of the human beings conveyed less idea of health and well-being than did that of the cattle and crops. The men and women were often rheumatic and the children, despite the bounties of nature, looked undernourished.

The farmers of this community, called Star Roads Center, belonged to a local club which was affiliated with the county organization, the Farm Bureau, but the women were not organized into any club work. They pronounced themselves too busy for community enterprises and declared that their men were as well-fed and their homes as well-run as any in the State and that they would stay at home and continue to have it so instead of gallivanting off to hear lectures about what they had known all their lives. Their husbands looked doubtful, but a man's tongue is a weak and pitiful weapon to array against a woman's prejudice, so the subdued males just pondered silently and then motored off to the annual meeting of the Farm Bureau.

Even into the men's section of that annual meeting filtered news of big savings effected in household management by women's canning clubs and this new thing called balanced menus. Several men confessed to fewer rheumatic twinges since being fed according to rule. Unofficially, as they consumed apple pie at noon, a number of proud husbands from communities bordering on Star Roads Center, related also marvelous transformations of old garments into

new ones under the direction of the home demonstration agent, transformations which, as one sly and jovial wit suggested, were bringing church into popularity once more, for where else, he enquired, does one walk with such a peacock tread as down an aisle illumined with the light of a hundred gazing eyes?

In short, the men of Star Roads Center, as our community was named, felt themselves entirely out of the swim. Fruit lay disintegrating upon their fields as of yore, instead of taking up its sterile abode in containers; there was no diminution in their rheumatism; their wives had made no sensational appearance in any congregation. Humiliated and determined, they put their heads together and agreed upon the startling plan of sending to the State agricultural college for a home demonstration agent. Whether terror or pride was dominant in the hearts of these returning crusaders when they clicked the latches of their own gates and encountered their wives has never been confessed, but certain it is that the women met the challenge and ever since have worked as effectually in the new-fashioned enterprises plotted out by the home demonstration agent as could possibly be expected of women who have to devote so much of their time to boasting about their husbands.

The organization of women's work, however, is not often accomplished by their husbands. More often it is a result of the women's own initiative coöperating with the wisdom and hard work of a home demonstration agent who knows how to find local ability for leadership and to set it at work on local problems. The following anecdote illustrates the method:

A group of women in a certain mountain region whose great peaks and valleys had shut out the world and where human nature, even under the shadow of splendid hills and the call of tumbling rivers had yet dwindled to its meanest proportions, was annoyed one day to see pasted on several trees announcement of the coming visit of a home demonstration agent. Never before had a similar criticism been offered—or so they interpreted the event—on their way of conducting their homes. It was all the work of that new-fangled club the teacher had started. Some of them declared that they would not go near the meetings, others that they would sit out every session and give back a few questions and opinions.

Among the thirty and odd women who on that April afternoon gathered to hear the home demonstration agent, six were antagonistic. The agent made her entrance through the midst of them, apparently unconscious of hostility, smiling as she proceeded to the platform. She was a brown person with gold flecks in her eyes and hair; her build and carriage were those of a farmer's daughter and her voice was like the voices they had always heard. The six enemies shrank slightly as if swiftly pricked so that their antagonism escaped as from a vent; then silently they settled back to listen and watch.

She began talking about clothes. She held up a shirt waist made from the lining of a coat and the top of two silk stockings. She showed a boy's suit made from his father's overcoat and a girl's dress from a flour container. She completed the ornamentation of a raffia hat by some stitches in bright colored wool ravelled from a discarded afghan. The next afternoon, she said, if some of the ladies would bring their old garments, parts of whose materials were yet in good condition, she would plan out new articles of clothing which could be made from them.

The audience was on its feet with excitement, asking questions, stretching out hands to reach articles of rehabilitated clothing which were passing among them.

"And by the way," the agent announced, "I am going to be in the hall this evening and if any of you have time to get out again, I thought we might have a little talk about food and odd ways of preparing it and planning meals. Of course you all know the usual ways, for I am eating your food and know what good cooks some of you are, but it is kind of nice to get out of the old ruts with new things sometimes."

There were more than fifty women at the evening meeting. Not one of them knew the values of the different elements of nutrition or the proportion which these should bear to one another in daily food allotments. Their idea of feeding their families well was to supply at each meal as many as possible of the dishes which were liked best. Diet was confined almost entirely to starches, for the country was a lumbering region and not much attention was paid to gardens. Meat, too, except during the hunting season, was difficult to get. A hearty meal, therefore, often consisted of potatoes cooked in two or three ways, rice, macaroni, and several breads and pies.

The home demonstration agent had set up a gasoline stove and at the back of the platform had nailed a simple chart of nutrition values. She began at once to translate these unfamiliar terms into familiar foods and to explain the quantities of them needed daily by active adults, by children, and by sedentary persons. Then she wrote on the blackboard three balanced menus, for the three types of individuals. To these lavish housekeepers the suggested meals looked like extremely light feeding and some of the scornful curves returned to the listening faces.

"My husband won't touch lamb nor celery," stated one woman, pointing a destructive finger at the blackboard and thus demolishing the "model menu for an active adult."

The home demonstration agent enquired what he liked best and promptly chose another protein and built around it a balanced meal which that particular husband would enjoy.

This led to a discussion of meat substitutes, which was of great interest to these isolated housekeepers. The relative costs of these and their food values were posted on the board. Vegetables were analyzed and reasons shown why they should form a part of the daily diet. The agent then cooked on her gasoline stove a funny little dessert with a delightful little sauce, posting, as she went along, the prices of its constituents. For a night-cap this dessert was passed around in sample tastes.

Before three days had passed, the home demonstration agent had discovered the good seamstresses and the good cooks, had won their confidence and set them to work teaching groups of less-efficient women. Before she left, the membership of the women's club was increased by five out of the six original rebels. Gardening was to be one of its interests, for the housekeepers had learned the necessity of relieving their customary excess of starchy foods by vegetables and fruits. By means of weighing and measuring, the children had been proved below average weight and stature, and they like the adults were to be placed on a more diversified diet. Canning would be attempted when there were more vegetables and fruits to can. The explanation of modern methods for raising poultry and the astonishing records of egg-laying which have been accomplished with proper feeding and care, had excited interest and a poultry section was planned with a good prospect of its enabling many of the women to earn considerable money.

Health and time and money had been placed within the reach of these women; prejudices and antagonisms broken down and a spirit of receptivity and alertness created.

Another case: The region was one of bitterly hard labor. The women were old at forty and they resented it. They were not self-satisfied like the women of Star Roads Center and of Mountain Roads. They hated themselves, humiliated by drudgery and by the blotting out of all mental horizons. When the home demonstration agent came to them they were eager to hear what she had to say about the lightening of farm women's work. She went into their kitchens and with their consent rearranged their furniture, grouping together the implements which were used at the same time and which referred to the same operations, routing the work so that the sequence of tasks did not involve so much retracing of steps. To suit tall women she raised stoves, tubs and tables on blocks; to suit small women she enlisted the coöperation of husbands and sons in sawing off height. Lights were placed where they were needed. Stools were put in front of sinks and tables so that much work could be done sitting down. Washing arrangements for the hired men were set up in vestibules. These changes cost no money and only a little application but they saved backaches and footaches and discouragement. Ultimately these women, too, learned the balanced menu which saved them hours of time every week.

Hours of time every week! Few women who lead lives of normal leisure can understand what this gift of time means to the farm woman whose lot it has often been to work hard from five o'clock in the morning or earlier until eight or nine in the evening. Usually the labor accomplished has died with the day, the same tasks rising again with the sun to be done all over. What opportunity does this leave for the pursuit of the "higher life," as economists sometimes term reading, embroidery, church-going, social intercourse and vacations? There is no "higher life" on the margin of such existences, except the faithfulness and patience of the toilers.

Leisure is the great civilizer. It enables us to get away from ourselves and to approach and know other men. It lays its calming hand upon tangled nerves, unknots and smoothes them till life is felt normally once more.

Time, then, salvaged from unnecessary and destructive

labor, is the high gift of the home demonstration agent to the farm woman. It is the currency with which the laborer can purchase life itself, health, recreation, financial independence; the health, education and comradeship of her children, the respect of her husband, the esteem of her friends, the power to enjoy the splendors of nature which are a special bequest to the country worker, a compensation for the greater conveniences and more frequent diversions of town life, and one which most of them hold high in value.

Farm women love the country. What they desire is not the city, but normal conditions on the farm. The home demonstration agent is supplying the material out of which with a constantly increasing rapidity, normal conditions are developing. Her gifts are directly to the farm population but they permeate all our institutions, inasmuch as there is no barrier between the two civilizations, country and city, but a healthy metabolism, building up the living tissue of national life.

HELEN JOHNSON KEYES.

LESSER LITERARY LIGHTS

BY MRS. W. S. COURTNEY

WHILST much has been written about the women novelists of the early nineteenth century, comparatively slight attention has been paid to its poetesses. It is true that most of their reputations died deservedly almost as soon as they were born and that not one of them can be mentioned in the same breath as their contemporaries, Miss Austen and Miss Burney. Who now, except the *Dictionary of National Biography*, remembers Maria Jane Jewsbury, or Caroline Bowles except that late in life she became Mrs. Southey? And even the *Dictionary* has forgotten Miss S. Evance (was she Sarah, Susanna, or Selina?), whose "earliest productions" were given to an indifferent world by her friend, Mr. James Clarke of Organford in Dorset. Charlotte Smith, whose "mournful Sonnets" he quotes as affording some sanction for Miss Evance's predilection for "indulging the petrifying gloom of lonely wretchedness, or the deep horror of wild despair," is less obscure, and her reasons for indulging in gloom, as far as we know, are better founded. But probably not one in twenty modern readers has so much as heard of her, though she is included in Mrs. Ellwood's *Literary Ladies* (1843) and the *Dictionary* gives her four columns.

One versifier there was, however, even in the days of George IV, deserving of more than a passing mention in any chronicle of women poets. She pales before the greater lights of the middle of the century, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, George Eliot and—brightest of all—Christina Rossetti, a poet worthy to take her place amongst poets without tacking any feminine termination to the word. But Felicia Hemans—and for that matter Caroline Bowles and Charlotte Smith at their best—had the poet's sensibility, if they lacked the true poet's power of giving it expression.

Their failure was due in a great measure to absence of the critical spirit. They were at no trouble to select. Once recognized as professional poets, they seem to have felt bound to be always committing effusions to paper. They could let no event occur, and no guest arrive or depart, without addressing to it, him, or her, the appropriate copy of verses.

This is especially true of Mrs. Hemans, whose forty years of life yielded poetic material to fill seven volumes, all promptly and for the most part justly forgotten except a few ballads and lyrics, which show what she might have done, had she developed the selective instinct of the true artist. To do her justice, she knew this, and late in life she regretted the facility, "amounting almost to improvisation," which poured out those *Songs of the Domestic Affections*, as well as the domestic necessities which impelled her to publish. But if only she had known the difference between the opening of the *Pilgrim Fathers'*:

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.

and the beginning of *The Land of Dreams*:

O spirit-land! thou land of dreams!
A world thou art of mysterious gleams.

she had been a truer poet.

She lived in an age reticent as regards its women. Such biographies of her as were written by her sister, Mrs. Hughes, and her friend, Henry F. Chorley, tells us little that is intimate. We know only that she was the fourth child of a Liverpool merchant named Browne, of good Irish lineage—he could claim kinship with the Marquesses of Sligo—and a mother half Italian and half German, whose old Venetian surname of Veniero had been teutonized into Wagner. It was a promising racial mixture. There was nothing British about Felicia Dorothea Browne except her earliest environment, and even that soon changed to the romantic northern shores of Wales, whither her father moved his family when she was but five years old. The most susceptible years of her childhood were spent at Grwych, not far from Abergele in Denbighshire, in an old

solitary, rambling house close to the sea and shut off from the land by a chain of rocky hills.

She seems to have been a remarkable child, remarkable not only for her talents but for her radiant beauty. About that there were no two opinions. All who remember her in her youth speak of her loveliness both as a child and as a young girl, and her portraits show that she retained much of this beauty even when ill-health had taken the gold from her hair and the color from her cheeks. She was also remarkable for her memory. "Why, Felice, you cannot have read that," a friend once exclaimed to the child of eight. "Oh, yes I have and I will repeat it to you," and proof positive followed. Her sister says that often when she seemed to be merely fluttering the leaves of the book, it would be found that she had not only read its contents but had committed them to memory. A devoted mother, herself an accomplished woman and particularly fond of reading aloud, brought the child up in an atmosphere of literature. Felicia had a natural gift for languages and learned readily French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and in later life German, and amongst her poems are to be found translations in verse from all these literatures. She was also not ignorant of Latin. And she was both musical and skilled with her pencil. No wonder that in the first freshness of her beauty, and fired by enthusiasm for martial deeds, she captivated her brother's friend, Capt. Hemans, when she was only sixteen, and married him three years later.

Before that time she was already winning recognition as a poet. Her first volume of verse appeared at fourteen. It was unkindly noticed in some review, and she was much upset; but she soon recovered and took to writing again, this time a poem on England and Spain. It was the period of the Peninsular War. Both her brother and her future husband were fighting in Spain; but her main interests were nearer home, and her second volume of poems was entitled *The Domestic Affections, and other Poems*.

Affectionate and devoted as Felicia was in all other relations of life, for some unexplained reason she was unhappy in her marriage. She herself never drew back the veil which hid from the world the reason why, after some years of wedded life and the birth of five sons, she and her husband practically separated and lived the rest of their lives apart. They had begun life together at Daventry near

Northampton. After a year they came to live with Felicia's mother at Bromwylfa in Flintshire. Five years later Captain Hemans went to Italy "for the sake of his health," impaired by fever during his military service. He settled in Rome and he never returned, and his wife, whose fifth son was born shortly afterwards, was apparently content to have it so, for she seems to have made no effort to rejoin him, though she continued to correspond with him and to consult him about his boys, two of whom went to him later on.

It is impossible not to speculate as to the reasons for this separation. It might have been the proverbial mother-in-law; but Felicia's mother, to whom she was tenderly devoted, is described as a woman of uncommon sense and deep piety, not, one would imagine, likely to be a disturber of domestic peace, or inclined to think lightly of wifely duties. Moreover, joint establishments of two generations were common enough in England then, as common as they are still in France. Perhaps it was a spirit of detachment born of the war. Something of the kind is in the air now. Women have perforce learned during the last five years to manage their own lives and to bring up their children without masculine assistance. They had the same experience during the Napoleonic wars; they may have learned the same lesson that men, though no doubt desirable, are by no means indispensable. Any way, whatever grief the separation may have caused her, it did not embitter an essentially sunny nature. She herself was fond of quoting Mlle. de L'Esplanasse's saying, "*Un grand chagrin tue tout le reste,*" and she lived up to it in so far as she never allowed herself to be vexed by unkind criticism, or pernicious gossip.

For the rest her life was uneventful. She went once to London as a child of eleven but never again. After she had achieved reputation as a poet she paid visits to Scotland, where she made friends with Sir Walter Scott, and to the Lake country, where she met Wordsworth and addressed a poem to him. She maintained an affectionate correspondence with Miss Mitford, Mary Howitt, Maria Jewsbury, Joanna Baillie and others, and towards the end of her life she went to live in Ireland, where she died.

In America her poems had considerable success, as befitted the writer of *The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers*. Dr. Bancroft, author of the *History of the United States*, was one of her correspondents; but the tribute she most

valued was an entirely unsolicited letter from Professor Andrews Norton, the father of Charles Eliot Norton, telling her that a complete edition of her works was wished for in Boston.

This was in 1825. At that date she had already published the two volumes mentioned, *Tales and Historic Scenes*, *The Sceptic*, a couple of tragedies, *Welsh Melodies*, *Dartmoor*, and *Belshazzar's Feast*, the last one of her most ambitious efforts and one of the more successful. The tragedies did not come to much. Like most writers of the period she had theatrical ambitions, and she did actually succeed in getting *The Vespers of Palermo* accepted, paid for, and staged by Kemble at Covent Garden. But it proved "all but a failure" and was played only once. Later it was produced in Edinburgh, with some success; but the stage was not her *métier*, and she had to recognize this truth. *Lays of Many Lands*, the result of studying Herder, appeared in 1826, *Records of Woman* in 1828 and *Songs of the Affections* in 1830. By that time her Welsh home had been broken up, her mother was dead, her sister married and her brother removed to Ireland. She lived for a time at Wavertree, near Liverpool; but it did not suit her health, and she did not care for its society. She went to Dublin to be near her brother, and there she published *Hymns for Childhood*, *National Lyrics*, and *Scenes and Hymns of Life*.

The titles of these volumes must, to American readers especially, recall their Longfellow, a poet whom Mrs. Hemans immediately preceded and with whom she has much in common. Compare, for instance, her *Casabianca* with his *Wreck of the Hesperus*, and then both of them with Browning's *Incident of the French Camp* to see how modern poetry has gained in directness of expression. Or again compare her *Forest Sanctuary* with his *Evangeline*; in narrative poetry the advantage is with Longfellow. But in sound, if not in sentiment, his *Psalm of Life* is commonplace compared to her *Hour of Death*.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

This has the true note of a dirge, just as the last stanza of her *Invocation* breathes the spirit of silence:

No voice is on the air of night,
 Through folded leaves no murmurs creep,
 Nor star nor moonbeam's trembling light
 Falls on the placid brow of sleep.
 Descend, bright visions! from your airy bower:
 Dark, silent, solemn, is your favorite hour.

Not very profound, perhaps; but we do not go to Mrs. Hemans, or to Longfellow for that matter, for profundity of thought. We go to her for sensitive femininity, for perception of natural beauty, for heroic sentiment, for graceful and tender tributes to "the domestic affections." And at her best, we do not go to her in vain. She wrote a great deal too much, but so did Wordsworth. Like him she has her *longueurs*; there are pages and pages which we can spare. Sometimes the domestic affections descend to mere banality as in *The Homes of England*; but sometimes, too, they sound a note of true tenderness as in *The Graves of a Household*. And to appraise her at her true worth, we have to look back to the poetic tradition which nurtured her, and to compare her with contemporary poets both of her own sex and of the other.

To begin with, she was a contemporary of Byron, but also of Southey, Coleridge and Wordsworth—in other words in between the romantic and the natural schools of poetry. She was clearly influenced by Cowper—her *Charmed Picture* was definitely occasioned by reading his lines to his Mother's picture, and many of her "occasional" verses have something of his felicity. She had been bred in the traditions of classical elegance, illustrated by such contemporary poets as Samuel Rogers and Thomas Campbell. She has a good deal of affinity with Campbell both in treatment and choice of subjects. She touches Byron only in so far as she shares with him the idea that there are subjects in themselves poetical, instead of thinking with Wordsworth and Coleridge that poetry resides in the treatment, not the subject. Consequently she is sometimes too ambitious. She is less concerned with what she has to say than with what, given the subject chosen, ought to be said. And in a sense she was too cultivated. The result, to borrow a phrase of Mr. Courthope's originally applied to Rogers, was that she brought "a tasteful mind cultivated by reading and devoid of inspiration" to bear upon subjects, such as Belshazzar's Feast, which, if dealt with at all by a modern

poet, should be dealt with greatly. She could only deal with them adequately, sometimes scarcely that. But when she was taking herself less seriously, she could achieve a simple directness worthy of Wordsworth. *Christ Stilling the Tempest* is a good example:

Fear was within the tossing bark
When stormy winds grew loud
And waves came rolling high and dark
And the tall mast was bowed.

And men stood breathless in their dread
And baffled in their skill;
But One was there, who rose and said
To the wild sea—*Be still!*

This was very different from the description of Belshazzar's revel,

And He who sleeps not heard the elated throng,
In mirth that plays with thunderbolts, defy
The Rock of Zion! Fill the nectar high,
High in the cups of consecrated gold!

And so on, and so on. One is sorry sometimes that she did not write prose for her letters have this same charm of simplicity, combined with a vivacity which does not appear in her verse. "I fear I shall not have any evening that I can quite call my own," she writes to a Mr. L—, "until Friday or Saturday of next week, on either of which it will give me great pleasure to receive you . . . I think I shall not ask any 'human mortals,' as Titania calls them, to meet you, unless you *particularly wish* for the society of—— who so edified us in the concert room. Pray do not betray me, but I really have been haunted ever since that awful hour (when she had been asked to write an Ode to Music) . . . I am under a humiliating impression of having actually composed in my sleep, during the influence of this deadly spell, four lines, beginning 'Enchanting nymph,' but of the remainder *non mi ricordo* . . . I have an ominous feeling, too, that we are destined to meet again, and that 'the words of fear' will again be solemnly uttered—if so, I am sure they will drive me to some deed worthy of the Tragic Muse herself." And, to a woman friend—"I have been very ill used in several ways since I saw you. Here is a great book on Phrenology which a gentleman has just sent me and expects that I shall *read!* People really do take me for a sort of literary ogress, I think, or something like the sailor's definition of an epicure, 'a person that can

eat *anything*' . . . And imagine some of my American friends having actually sent me several copies of a Tract, audaciously calling itself 'A Sermon on Small Sins.' Did you ever know anything so scurrilous and personal? 'Small sins' to *me*, who am little better than a grown-up Rosamond (Miss Edgeworth's), who constantly lie in bed till it is too late to get up early, break my needles (when I use any), leave my keys among my necklaces, answer all my amusing letters first and leave the others to their fate; in short, regularly commit small sins enough every day to roll up into one great, immense, *frightful* one at the end of it!"

* * * *

But if a great deal of her verse would have been better in prose, that is even truer of Caroline Bowles, whose most pretentious poem, *The Birthday*, is not only prosaic but of an infantile dullness:

Unwelcome hour, I ween, that tied me down
Restless, reluctant, to the sempstress' task!
Sight horrible to me, th'allotted seam
Of stubborn Irish, or more hateful length
Of handkerchief, with folded edge tacked down
All to be hemmed; ay *selvidge sides* and all.
And so they were in tedious course of time.

But not more tedious than the ninety-six pages of drivel, which relate how "kindest care, Considerate of my long, hot, dusty walk" took off my hat and tippet and gave me a chair and told me to sit and rest till tea-time, with other such simple nursery precautions.

There are better things in the volume of her *Poetical Works*, verses to her dog, Ranger, and a poem *To a Dying Infant* (she is much concerned all through with death), sincere both in feeling and expression and not without poetic dignity:

Sleep, little Baby! sleep!
Not in thy cradle bed,
Not on thy mother's breast
Henceforth shall be thy rest,
But with the quiet dead.

* * *

And then to lie and weep
And think the livelong night—
Feeding thine own distress
With accurate greediness—
Of every past delight

Of all his winning ways,
His pretty, playful smiles,
His joy at sight of thee,
His tricks, his mimicry,
And all his little wiles.

But then follow such lines as

Oh! these are recollections
Round mothers' hearts that cling!

which are pure prose both in form and feeling, and show
that she did not know the difference.

She must have read her Mrs. Hemans, for in a poem *To
the Sweet-scented Cyclamen* occur these stanzas:

Ay, shadows all—gone every face
I loved to look upon
Hushed every strain I loved to hear,
Or sounding in a distant ear—
All gone!—all gone!—all gone!

Some far away in other lands—
In this some worse than dead—
Some in their graves laid quietly—
One, slumbering in the deep, deep sea—
All gone!—all lost!—all fled!

Mrs. Hemans had phrased much the same lament in *The
Graves of a Household*, only she phrased it better and less
pretentiously.

* * * *

But the palm for pretentiousness must be awarded to
Miss S. Evance. Like Caroline Bowles she is greatly con-
cerned with death, which with her becomes "the Tomb,"
and we hear a great deal about "Pale Disappointment,"
"dark Despair" and "dismal cries of woe." These, strange
to relate, seem to be uttered by fairies disturbed by the dawn
and fluttering off

To the sequestered spot where low is laid
The form of Adela—a village maid,
Who torn with pangs of unrequited love,
Plung'd in the stream that wanders thro' the grove.
Her grave in rude unhallow'd ground was laid,
Without one rite to sooth her hovering shade;

so that the fairies had to try and soothe it by flinging "pale
flow'rets" until "the cock crows loud" and, listening to
"the warning sound," the fairies "fly with one doleful
shriek that echoes round." All this is in a poem called *The
Glowworm* and apparently recounts his experiences as he

lies upon a violet bank. There are other more portentous utterances, such as a Sonnet addressed to Despair, which begins,

Pale ruthless Demon! terrible Despair,
and another, "written near the sea," which talks about
"Ocean's deep tempestuous roar" and goes on to say that
far more wild is the soul's tumult:

More turbulent the feelings tossing there;
For every hope is blasted by Despair
And clouds of darkness o'er my prospects roll.

There were, however, brighter moments, and in some of them Miss Evance makes incursions into natural history and tells us about the "faint imploring cry" of the Fly, which is adjured to "leave the haunt of man" and take its flight to

Where heathy mountains wild arise,
Where sun-beams ever warm and bright
Serenely gleam from cloudless skies,
Where lovely flow'rets lift their heads,
And to the gale soft fragrance give;
Where Nature every beauty spreads—
There sip each sweet—and gaily live.

which would be all very well, if the fly were a bee; but where is the garbage for it to feed upon?

Miss Evance is very scrupulous in making her elisions. Violets are generally vi'lets, just as flowers are flow'rets. And she has studied her Milton to some purpose, as when she apostrophises Hope to "illuminate" her "fleeting transient day":

Not deckt in sweet alluring smiles
Not with thy train of sportive wiles;
But come with looks benignly grave,
And from despair my bosom save;
Gild with thy beams this dark oppressive gloom,
And point with steady hand unto the peaceful tomb.

We are back at that tomb even when it is Hope that is in question. There are other Miltonic touches, as in the *Canzonette*, which would have us find pleasure, "not in Fashion's gilded fane"

But in some still secluded spot,
Where Innocence has raised her cot,
And meek-eyed Peace delights t'appear,
While calm Contentment lingers near
With holy Piety;

only—and this is Evantic, not Miltonic—

In such a scene my quiet mind
Feels soothed, exalted and refined.

Miss Evance is best when she is Miltonic. She is worst when she is moralizing, or elegiac, as in the poem *To Miss Burton*:

But here that gentle form of thine
I never more shall view;
Thy last farewell of love is mine—
Maria, oh—adieu.
Prepar'd as thou art to depart,
I should not wish thy stay;
Be still, my weak, my throbbing heart!
Ye tears—away, away.

The 'feeling heart,' indeed, is part of her religion.

The God of Nature—he alone,
Who form'd the feeling heart, and knows
Each secret throb—each stifled groan—
He can relieve its mighty woes.

It is a comfort to know that there were other moments when her emotions were of a gentler order and the redbreast could inspire her with "a wish of emulative love," or when she quitted "the social throng" with sighs for the loss of Mr. —'s mild manners.

Warm'd by benevolence so kind;
That conversation ever sweet
Improving, elegant, refin'd!

The little volume—it is only one hundred and thirty-one pages—ends appropriately with a poem *To Sensibility*:

Ah! child of sensibility!
The cold world nothing knows of thee!

And apparently the world has been content to know nothing more of Miss Evance.

* * * *

There is little space left for Charlotte Smith; but she was more novelist than poet. She did, however, publish two thin volumes of *Elegiac Sonnets*, which ran into nine editions and were not without merit. She seems to have been as precocious a child as Felicia Browne and even more unfortunately married, for her husband had a passion for expensive and futile undertakings, and they had twelve children to support. To add to her troubles, the family were involved in interminable litigation by the grandfather's obstinacy in drawing up his own will, a most voluminous docu-

ment profiting no one except the lawyers. She alludes to these difficulties with some bitterness in the preface to a later edition of her Sonnets; but the sadness of the sonnets themselves sprang mainly from grief at the loss of her eldest boy. "When in the beech woods of Hampshire I first struck the chords of the melancholy lyre, its notes were never intended for the public ear; it was unaffected sorrow drew them forth; I wrote mournfully because I was unhappy!"

"Unaffected" is the word which best describes her poetry. It is simple and sincere and achieves considerable felicity of expression:

Ah! then, how dear the Muse's favors cost,
If those paint sorrow best—who feel it most!

And she has a tender appreciation of nature:

Again the wood, and long-withdrawing vale,
In many a tint of tender green are drest,
Where the young leaves unfolding, scarce conceal
Beneath their early shade, the half formed nest
Of finch or woodlark; and the primrose pale,
And lavish cowslip, wildly scattered round,
Give their sweet spirits to the sighing gale.

Still it says a good deal for the general appreciation of poetry in 1789 that "so many noble, literary and respectable" people were prepared to subscribe for copies of the *Elegiac Sonnets*, which by that year had run into five editions and eventually reached nine. Charlotte Smith finally left her husband and supported herself and her children mainly by her pen; but as the rest of her work was prose fiction or books for young people (*Rural Walks*, *Minor Morals* and the like), she has no further place in a chronicle of poetesses.

MRS. W. S. COURTNEY.

PORTRAIT OF SIDNEY LANIER

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

LANIER lived in a spiritual whirlwind, until it snuffed him out. His whole existence was a fight with circumstances; but if every external circumstance had been easy for him, still he would have nourished a perpetual tumult and turmoil within.

Nor was this instinct of fighting wholly figurative or spiritual. As a mere child, Lanier organized a military company among his Georgia playmates and drilled them so thoroughly that they were admitted to parade beside their elders. Before he was a man, the Civil War came, and he enlisted in the cause of his beloved South and served her with distinction. Military glory was not the kind he sought. He was not in the least a bravo or a ranter, and the references in his letters to his military experiences are few and slight. But a touch now and then shows that he knew what suffering was and what endurance was: "Did you ever lie for a whole day after being wounded, and then have water brought to you? If so, you will know how your words came to me." And if he had felt the agony and strain of war, so he responded with the keenest thrill to its picturesqueness, its fever of excitement, its glow and glory.

But the clash of physical war was the least part of Lanier's fierce and constant struggles with circumstance. From his youth till his death in 1881, in his fortieth year, he had ill-health against him, had to contend not only with actual disease and pain, but with the depression and the listless, hopeless discouragement which disease and pain bring with them and leave behind them. The results of this incessant struggle were written on his face and figure, manly and dignified and noble as they were. The worn carriage showed it, the finely cut features, the deep, earnest, passionate eyes, the hands that were vigorous, but white and fine

and delicate. He understood and analyzed his condition perfectly, sometimes trumpeting those fits of exaltation which seem to lift the tuberculous invalid above the world: "I feel to-day as if I had been a dry leathery carcass of a man into whom some one had pumped strong currents of fresh blood, of abounding life, and of vigorous strength. I cannot remember when I have felt so crisp, so springy, and so gloriously unconscious of lungs." And again he describes consumptives as "beyond all measure the keenest sufferers of all the stricken of the world," or casually speaks of himself, "tortured as I was this morning, with a living egg of pain away in under my collar bone." But never for a moment could pain or lassitude subdue him or make him give up the struggle to do his work. In the splendid moments of hope he worked. In the dark, dull moments of despair he worked. If ever a man died fighting, he did.

All these strains and torments of ill-health are bad enough when one has means to meet them, can afford at least the necessary lenitives, without anxiety as to where every dollar is to come from. This was far from being the case with Lanier. No one ever lived who cared less for the excitement or the satisfaction of accumulating wealth. He did not even long for the finer luxuries and elegancies that go with wealth, it was simply a question of hard, bitter struggle for actual necessities. Brought up in the full taste of Southern ease and abundance, he found himself, at the close of the War, like so many Southerners, beginning life in the most cramping bonds of poverty, obliged to fight his way upward from the bottom against every difficulty that material obstacles could oppose to him. Determined as he was to win success in lines of life not in themselves profitable, or only rarely and poorly so, he could not give himself to getting money with the single energy which is most of all necessary to achieve that result.

How desperate, how constant, how blighting this need of money was, is written all through Lanier's biography and letters. Bread—mere, bare bread—is the word that occurs and recurs. Indiscreet utterance "may interfere with one's already very short allowance of bread." Again, "My head and my heart are both so full of poems which the dreadful struggle for bread does not give me time to put on paper."

Any honest means of earning is resorted to. To all are given faithful, conscientious effort. Comfort and independ-

ence are achieved from none. Teaching? The last pitiful refuge of those who have immortal thoughts to sell? " 'Tis terrible work, and the labor difficulties . . . make the pay very slim." Government employment? It requires influence, and immortal thoughts are the last requisite for it. "I have allowed a friend to make application to every department in Washington for even the humblest position . . . but without success." The strain wears out body, wears out soul, wears out courage, wears out hope. "Altogether it seems as if there wasn't any place for me in this world, and if it were not for May I should certainly quit it, in mortification at being so useless." To some it seems that his physical decay has a physical cause; but he finds the cause rather in "the bitterness of having to spend my time in making academic lectures and boy's books—potboilers all—when a thousand songs are singing in my heart that will certainly kill me if I do not utter them soon."

For among all these external struggles the most intense and passionate, made of course doubly so by the distraction of the others, was the struggle for reputation, recognition, success in the positive career, or careers, since music was almost as dear to him as poetry, that he had chosen for himself. And in this struggle, more than in any other, come the fierce alternations of hope and despair. In the first rapture of achievement, after the toil and travail of creation, work actually finished seems worth doing, seems never indeed a full realization of one's ideal, but seems at any rate to embody something of what one aimed at, what one hoped for. One is proud of it, if not satisfied with it, and above all one is inspired by what one has done with infinite confidence in what one can do. "So many great ideas for Art are born to me each day, I am swept away into the land of All-Delight by their strenuous sweet whirlwind." And then come the reaction and the despair. What seemed yesterday a masterpiece, today sounds dull and poor and tawdry, and that land of All-Delight becomes merely as barren as your heart.

As some stay against this wretched self-distrust, this bankruptcy of confidence, you must have the recognition of others. There are times when your own approval seems as nothing, and even so you cannot get it. Then a simple word of appreciation may bring heaven to you. To be told by an ardent admirer "that I was not only the founder of a school

of music, but the founder of American music," is intoxicating, even if you quite understand the exaggeration of the statement. Even more intoxicating is it to feel and see that you have carried a great company of people out of themselves, as Lanier so often did by his wonderful flute-playing. "When I allowed the last note to die, a simultaneous cry of pleasure broke forth from men and women that almost amounted to a shout, and I stood and received the congratulations that thereupon came in, so wrought up by my own playing with thoughts, that I could but smile mechanically, and make stereotyped returns to the pleasant sayings, what time my heart worked falteringly, like a mouth that is about to cry."

And even such triumph is not enough for the eager spirit, but it yearns for more creation and more recognition and more and more. There is no bound, no limit, because beauty is limitless and life is limitless. To be the founder of American music would be well; but might there not be something more than that, something, who can tell what? So through all the long and bitter struggle with circumstance the soul goes staggering, reaching onward, with no rest, no respite, because the outer struggle is but the image and reflection of the deeper and more passionate struggle within.

For Lanier's was none of those contented spirits who meet the battle of the world with a quiet and self-subdued mastery, who oppose to its rude shocks the unfailing tenacity of a clear and four-square purpose. With him the inner world was as full of battle as the outer. His thinking life was one long, unbroken effort to solve problems, to break through difficulties instead of dodging them, to reach the last analysis of his own soul and the souls of others. Life could never have stood still for him, never have stagnated. There was always some obstacle to be met, to be fought with, to be conquered.

For such a nature the moral life meant struggle, of course. Little errors became great sins and had to be mourned over with a repentance wholly out of proportion to the fault. But the same ardor was carried into the aesthetic world, also. The enjoyment of great beauty, in music or poetry, was not a serene enchantment, a mere ecstatic oblivion, but was sought with suffering and maintained with long effort and paid for too often with

enormous lassitude. Spiritual delight is dearly bought—perhaps not too dearly bought, but dearly bought at any rate—when it has to be described like this: “I have just concluded a half-dozen delicious hours, during which I have been devouring, with a hungry ferocity of rapture which I know not how to express, *The Life of Robert Schumann*.” And Lanier’s own criticism of this same Schumann is certainly by no means true of Lanier himself: “His sympathies were not *big* enough, he did not go through the awful struggle of genius, and lash and storm and beat about until his soul was grown large enough to embrace the whole of life and the All of things.”

Even in matters of pure intelligence, not essentially aesthetic or emotional, even in curious metaphysical or psychological speculations, of no direct bearing on the conduct of life, Lanier showed the same intensity and activity and sincerity. He thought with passion, did not play with ideas or trifle with them or amuse himself with them, but threw himself upon them with a fierce determination to get rid of the rags and shroudings of tradition and convention and thrust way down to the solid structure of naked verity. He speaks somewhere of “the Latin works of Lucretius, whom I have long desired to study,” and in whom he found a friend. For in all literature and in all thought there is no soul who made thinking more of a battle than Lucretius did, and Lanier is like him.

It is this fighting quality of the analysis, rather than its actual permanent result, that gives a profound interest to Lanier’s critical writings. His books on the English novel and on *The Science of English Verse* may not have the highest permanent critical value. Their ample abundance of theorizing may not always work out to a final and satisfying illumination of fact. But there is an intensity, a throb in their spiritual movement that whirls you along with it, whether you agree or not. Indeed the intellectual activity is too great for clarity. Every simplest element and principle is subjected to an uncompromising test of investigation and is torn to pieces with an ingenuity of insight which discovers fine threads of affinity and causality hardly perceptible to coarser vision. Again as with Lucretius, one feels that one is battered with a storm of solutions for problems that can be solved more simply or need not be solved at all. And as with Lucretius, one is sometimes moved to pity to see

such a splendid intelligence wearing itself out for futile results.

But the passion for theory, for getting to the bottom of things, is infectious, just the same. This passion is manifest not only in Lanier's formal criticism, but in all his writing and thinking. "I don't mean this for a theory," he says in one case: "I hate theories." But, hate them or not, he was born to theorize; not to accept blindly the theories of others, not to wallow widely in inherited formulæ: "Why do we cling so to humbugs?" he exclaims. But into humbugs, and into the crowding facts of life and into the elusive secrets of passion, he loved to plunge the fine instrument of thought and twist it and turn it, with a touching confidence that it would at last lead him to the inmost shrine of truth. He was no disbeliever in intellect, no doubter of the supremacy of reason, he was not smothered with education until he came to despise education altogether, like Henry Adams. He believed that the secrets of God could be wrestled for, that every good thing was an object of combat and conquest, and that, whatever peace might be in heaven, life on this earth, to be life at all, must be perpetual war. "A soul and a sense linked together in order to fight each other more conveniently, compose a man."

At the same time I would not give the impression that Lanier was always fighting, that he was one of those uncomfortable persons who thrust their combative tendencies into the face of every interlocutor or housemate. Far from it. His external battles were confined to proper occasions, and such unfailling conflict as he had within was masked by perfect control and gracious dignity and ease. To chat with him an hour you would never suspect that he carried a world war in his heart.

Moreover, like all great fighters whose fights are worth anything, he had his hours of peace, his intervals of relaxation, when he could forget even the fierce violence of thought. His beautiful appeal to tranquillity does indeed seem more like a longing than a hope:

Oh! as thou liv'st in all this sky and sea
That likewise lovingly do live in thee,
So melt my soul in thee, and thine in me,
Divine Tranquillity!

Yet even in the furious ardor of his art there were charming moments of refreshment and repose. Music,

though, in a sense, more than any the art of struggle, though its essence seems to consist of effort for the impossible, of discords resolved only to be perpetually renewed and to seek for new resolution forever—music has its suggestions of wide quiet and all-involving peace, only the more celestial for their rarity. Writing, which at times tears the soul to shreds with its turbulent effort, which at times means only a vain, futile, exhausting wrestle with thoughts that will not be disciplined and words that flit away, writing also has its glorious compensations, when all the puzzles vanish, and sudden, splendid phrases come from unknown depths and fit into their perfect sequence with divine smooth ease.

And there were other more common human relaxations also, hours of putting work aside and thought aside altogether, and just dabbling in sunshine and simple pleasantness. Like most Southerners, Lanier loved a good horse, and a rush through the sharp morning wind helped to shake out the creases in his soul and brush the crumbs of doubt from them. And he found and loved the repose of nature even more than her activity. He knew well that the best medicine for the insupportable fatigue of thought is the quiet of green fields and the mellow oblivion of autumn sunshine. Sometimes he simply touches the soothing features of the outward world and leaves the peace they brought him for the reader to divine: "The sun is shining with a hazy and absent-minded face, as if he were thinking of some quite other star than this poor earth; occasionally a little wind comes along, not warm, but unspeakably bland, bringing strange scents rather of leaves than of flowers." Sometimes he makes perfectly plain what nature says to him and what she might also say to you: "To-day you must forego expression and all outcome, you must remain a fallow field, for the sun and wind to fertilize, nor shall any corn or flower sprout into visible green and red until to-morrow."

Nor is he always serious in his relaxation, but recognizes that sweet and kindly laughter relieves tense nerves and fervid brains more completely than almost anything else, that it at once indicates that the soul is free and makes it so. And laughter not only relaxed, but comforted; for the harsh pressure of circumstances and the bitterness of neglect and rejection were made more tolerable by it. How could a man play more lightly with the peace of home after poverty-

stricken wandering than in such phrases as these: "I confess I *am* a little nervous about the gas-bills, which must come in, in the course of time . . . but then the dignity of being liable for such things is a very supporting consideration. No man is a Bohemian who has to pay water-rates and a street tax. Every day when I sit down in my dining-room—*my* dining-room!—I find the wish growing stronger that each poor soul in Baltimore, whether saint or sinner, could come and dine with me. How I would carve out the merry-thoughts for the old hags! How I would stuff the big wall-eyed rascals till their rags ripped again."

As these words indicate, his social, human instincts went always abreast with his love of merriment. The true life of his soul was solitary, but he would step out of it at any time to feel the warm touch of his fellows and revel in it. And his heart gave warmth as well as drank it in. His large, sunny cheerfulness was infectious, inspired cheerfulness in all about him, even strangers. Not but that he had a temper, could feel a poet's fiery indignation at wrong or meanness or injustice, as when he stood up in his place, in the middle of an orchestra rehearsal, and told the conductor who had spoken brutally to a young woman at the piano just what he thought of him. But the temper never hardened into sullenness, never secreted a long grudge or a blighting quarrel. "I was never able to stay angry in my life."

He liked to share his pleasures with his friends, too. He recognized that music is the eminently social art, and entered with a splendid, ardent zest into the common enjoyment of it. He delighted in a fascinating human mixture of tangled diversions, "Kinsfolk, men friends, women friends, books, music, wine, hunting, fishing, billiards, tenpins, chess, eating, mosquitoless sleeping, mountain scenery, and a month of idleness." He stepped out with ease and grace from the exclusive society of high thoughts: "I hope those are not illegitimate moods in which one sometimes desires to surround one's self with a companionship less awful, and would rather have a friend than a god." He even recognized that the friction of brains with each other is sometimes necessary to push thought to its highest: "There is not enough attrition of mind on mind here, to bring out any sparks from a man."

Lastly, and perhaps in Lanier's case most important,

among all the forms of refuge and repose from the harsh struggle of existence we must place the mighty solace of domestic love and home. Lanier married quite early a very charming woman, and her companionship and comfort were the greatest possible relief in all his troubles and difficulties. Though he wandered widely and his artist's calling took him among all sorts of people and made him friends with all sorts, there was nothing of the Bohemian in his nature. He loved the ties of life, all of them, did not find them ties but sweet intimacies, loved to bind the large divagation of his spirit to the quiet daily habits of hearth and home. And he shared all his ecstasies and enthusiasms with her whom he loved, so far as such things can be shared on this solitary and confining earth.

And the solace of childhood, its grace, its eager gaiety, its wild, wayward self-assertion, shifting into absolute dependence, varied exquisitely the intenser mood of this higher companionship. While the affection for children and wife both is enlarged and interfused with a wider charity which aims to spread its all-involving grasp over those near and far away and like and unlike: "Let us lead them to love everything in the world, above the world, and under the world adequately: that is the sum and substance of a perfect life."

Yet, after all, these elements of repose and distraction, even the most sacred, were but secondary to the mighty effort and struggle to succeed, to achieve, to do great things in the world, to leave a name that should never die. And one asks one's self, as in so many similar cases, but especially with Lanier,—because the struggle was so definite and so desperate,—what was the motive back of it all? Why should a man fling aside health and wealth and ease and the endless variety of ephemeral diversion to give the world what it never asks for, and to demand of it in return what it yields only with brutal reluctance and usually too late? What is the fierce sting, the cruel driving spur that urges the artist onward, till one is sometimes almost driven to conclude that genius consists in the sting itself, even more than in the gifts and powers that it forces to its service?

Is it the mere desire of praise, of applause, of having men honor you and esteem you, point you out and seek your work and treasure it, *volitare per ora virorum*, as the Latin poet expressed it, better than any one has expressed it since?

The best and wisest have recognized this motive, sometimes frankly, sometimes reluctantly, and with vain effort to disguise it under other names. The young Milton knew well that

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise.

Lanier, who analyzed and dissected everything, did not overlook the value of praise in its crudest forms: "Much reflection convinces me that *praise* is no ignoble stimulus, and that the artist should not despise it—although I am far more independent of praise than formerly, and can do without it perfectly well: yet, when it comes, I keenly enjoy it."

Again, besides the mere love of fame and of applause, there is in the artist the passionate desire to create things beautiful. This seems to be quite different from the appreciation of such things, though naturally such appreciation is implied in it. There are plenty of persons whose sense of all beauty is exquisite, evidently as exquisite as that of any creative artist, who yet are content to drink in and never to give out, who never apparently have the impulse to reproduce or rival the masterpieces that give them the intensest pleasure of their lives. But the artist cannot rest without the devouring effort to realize a new beauty, a different beauty, a beauty more overwhelming, more enduring than even that which intoxicates his whole being as he receives it from others. Many doubtless have felt this passion as keenly as Flaubert and Keats. None has more passionately recorded it. It is the cry that echoes in Phineas Fletcher's simple line.

Ah, singing let me live and singing die.

It echoes everywhere in the letters of Sidney Lanier. "It was a spiritual necessity, I must be a musician, I could not help it. The fury of creation is upon me." "This unbroken march of beautiful-bodied Triumphs irresistibly invites the soul of a man to create other processions like it. I would I might lead so magnificent a file of glories into heaven!"

And with the instinct of creating beauty, there is the instinct of diffusing it. In some artists this appears to be lacking. They are content to achieve the beautiful, to scatter it about them, to leave it behind them, without considering or caring whether the world learns to enjoy it or not. Not theirs to create the seeing eye or the hearing ear. Let such creep in their traces and slowly arrive at comprehension. It was different with Lanier. He burned to make others feel

what he felt, all that he felt. Beauty was not to be his alone, whether conceived or created. It was to light the whole wide world with a radiant glory. "We are all striving for one end," he cried, transfiguring other artists with his own ardor, "to develop and ennoble the humanity of which we form a part." And he could not understand that musicians could be content to give subtle aesthetic emotion to a few, when it was possible to "set the hearts of fifteen hundred people afire."

So we analyze vaguely, imperfectly, the deep motives that lay at the root of such a life struggle as Lanier's. Yet who shall say that we have quite touched the secret, or really, finally, explained why a man should be willing to wear out his life striving, striving, striving for a goal that forever fades away!

As we have analyzed the nature of the struggle and its fury and its motive, so let us consider its outcome and result. There is the result for the artist himself, and the result for others. For himself there is no doubt that the struggle means life. It often means death also, as it did for Keats and for Lanier. Oftener still, it means death in life, health shattered through long years, nerves broken and unstrung, quivering to utter exhaustion with misdirected effort and inadequate desire. The joy of successful creation is shot through with ardor that consumes even while it intoxicates. "Our souls would be like sails at sea; and the irresistible storm of Music would *shred* them as a wind shreds canvas, whereof the fragments writhe and lash about in the blast which furiously sports with their agony." Yet withal he who has once tasted the creative rapture knows nothing else that can be called living beside it. Certainly Lanier's testimony on the point is as explicit as anyone's; "To die, consumed by these heavenly fires:—that is infinitely better than to live the tepid lives and love the tepid loves that belong to the lower planes of activity." And if he says so, it is beyond question true for him; for no man ever lived more fully for the rapture or died more patently from the domination of it.

And the result for others? In Lanier's case, the value of example is clear, even disregarding actual achievement. He was a Southerner, always a Southerner. He loved the South, and the South loved and loves him. And in his day the spur of that glorious spirit, ever toiling, ever hoping, giv-

ing up all material success for the long pursuit of an ideal, was the very stimulus that the young men of the South needed above all others. Who shall say that the young men of the whole country do not need and cannot profit by it now?

Moreover, Lanier's ardent struggle bore fruit in a considerable literary product. Of this the prose criticism and other writings have their place and will probably continue to be read with pleasure by a limited number. But it is the poems that give their author a permanent rank in American literature. With their purely literary quality the psychographer does not concern himself. The testimony of critics of different schools is enough on this point. But to one who comes to the poems fresh from the close study of Lanier's inner life, they must necessarily prove a little disappointing. He gave them grace and dignity and charm and above all, music; but why could he not put his soul into them? He gave them thought and observation, magic of description, and witchery of movement; but why could he not put his soul into them? Flaubert diligently kept his soul out of his novels, and the consequence is that the letters to Mademoiselle X are worth a dozen *Salammbô's* and *Education Sentimentales*. But with Flaubert it was a matter of theory. With Lanier it would seem to be rather an instinctive reserve. Lucretius made all life a fight, as Lanier made it—Lucretius, of whom Lanier himself says,

Lucretius mine
(For oh, what heart hath loved thee like to this
That's now complaining?)

Then Lucretius took the dullest subjects in the world, and because he poured the whole of his fighting soul into them, he left the tangled thorns through which he tore his way all glorified with shreds of luminous immortality. Lanier chose the most promising, the most poetical subjects; but somehow the battling spirit is not there. As he himself most aptly says of another, "There is a certain something—a flame, a sentiment, a spark kindled by the stroke of the soul against sorrow, as of steel against flint—which he hath not." *Sunrise* and *The Marshes of Glynn* are no doubt musical, magical, enduring poetry. But there is more to stir my spirit in these lines which throb with the actual passion of the long, despairing fight:

Given, these,
 On this, the coldest night in all the year,
 From this, the meanest garret in the world,
 In this, the greatest city in the land,
 To you, the richest folk this side of death,
 By one, the hungriest poet under heaven
 —Writ while his candle sputtered in the gust,
 And while his last, last ember died of cold,
 And while the mortal ice i' the air made free
 Of all his bones and bit and shrunk his heart,
 And while soft Luxury made show to strike
 Her gloved hands together and to smile
 What time her weary feet unconsciously
 Trode wheels that lifted Avarice to power,
 —And while, moreover,—O thou God, thou God—
 His worshipful sweet wife sat still, afar,
 Within the village whence she sent him forth
 Into the town to make his name and fame,
 Waiting, all confident and proud and calm,
 Till he should make for her his name and fame,
 Waiting—O Christ, how keen this cuts!—large-eyed,
 With Baby Charley till her husband make
 For her and him a poet's name and fame.

Here, at any rate, we have a torn red bit of Lanier's heart.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

BY MURIEL HARRIS

To have been born an Arnold implies in England a tradition of culture and achievement from which no member of the family can hope to escape. Many Arnolds have distinguished themselves along more or less conventional lines. In others the intellectual yeast worked itself out in eccentricity, in religious struggles, in political protest, even in fads. If their genius was unrecognized, it was none the less there, and four generations of gifted Arnolds—of reformers, poets, historians, scholars, scientists—is a record that is rare enough. Of such stock was Mary Arnold—Mrs. Humphry Ward.

Almost the whole of her generation distinguished itself as much as, if less successfully than did she. Her brother, William Arnold, was a scholar and statesman. One of her sisters, following directly in the Arnold tradition, founded a famous school. Another sister was a notable lecturer. The present generation shows the same quality. Julian Huxley, the biologist, is Mrs. Ward's nephew. Another nephew, Aldous, is a poet of no mean capacity, while young Tom Arnold—one of the many lives cut short by the war, showed at the early age of fourteen remarkable poetic thought and facility.

Even in their marriages, the Arnolds never deviated from their tradition. The Selwyns, the Huxleys, the Trevellyans, the Wales, into whose families they have married both amplify and underline the Arnold tradition of learning and achievement. With their strong brains, their queer corners, their passion for activity and their sense of direction, they are among the most English of the English. Centuries earlier, they would have sailed in the Mayflower, combining with their social-religious protest, that taste for adventure which makes so many Englishmen love England

as a point of departure. Mrs. Ward was an Arnold of the Arnolds in her sense of rightness, her zest for literary and political activities and in her need to give that zest practical form. She differed from her family in one point. Where they remained people of moderate means, she was financially eminently successful. This was out of the tradition, since success often obviates the need to protest and every Arnold is a natural Protestant. Instead Mrs. Ward was a propagandist.

It is probable that if propaganda had been a fine art in Mrs. Ward's youth, she would have been among the most distinguished propagandists. As it was, the novel with a purpose, the pamphlet, the social undertaking, the political tendency, these were the breath of life to her. In the double motive, as it were, of all her work—the artistic, coupled with the political or the social or the religious—she made a peculiar appeal to the England of her day—the England which had emerged from the grosser prosperity of the industrial era and was looking for its soul. As a novelist, Mrs. Oliphant was far beyond Mrs. Ward. But she was a novelist pure and simple, an artistic entity which English people are slower to appreciate than when it is combined with moral or political purpose. Mrs. Ward gave to the novel-reader the sense that he or she was not merely wasting time in reading stories. She implied that he was thinking and reforming and governing and having religious difficulties himself, all in the most interesting and romantic way. She gave to the politician a sense of romance which he had not hitherto perceived among the dry dust of party manoeuvrings. Trollope described politics with an exactitude and humor that were almost too much like the real thing. Mrs. Ward was thrilled by them herself and she conveyed that thrill to the reader. She conveyed to him that politics were really a series of week-ends in great country-houses, where high purpose was mingled with the atmosphere rich and rare of great minds, and it was his privilege, that of the ordinary commonplace reader, to share in these august assemblies and help to run the England of their making.

In the same way, the social reformer at her hands was no mere drab worker among the poor, no illiterate, inarticulately fighting for his beliefs, no dryasdust airing his theories. He became the hero of a popular novel. However

improbable his schemes, they carried him so far that he could be rude to duchesses and they liked it. There was a great deal of Charlotte Brontë's 'Rochester' in Mrs. Ward's heroes, with their massive brows and eccentricities. More willingly than any other novelist, Mrs. Ward followed in the steps of the great woman romanticist. Her social reformers appealed to the multitude who were thrilled by her thrills. She was, in short, the propagandist, able at will to fire the ordinary person with fervor for causes or for people.

That her novels were artificial to a great many people, just because of their double motive, mattered less because of her own obvious conviction. She had the quality of belief. She believed in England—especially the England of the country-house and a poor tenderly looked after by the great. She believed in people and not to share that belief, when she really felt strongly, was to incur her displeasure. She believed in the great man as such. And above all she believed in a world in which the word 'culture' was writ large. Her panaceas for social problems are often a museum, even while she actually took much more practical steps to help the world out. She believed firmly all that she wrote and what she did not believe she never wrote.

One of her beliefs was that divorce was wrong. And so she wrote the novel *Daphne* to prove it. *Canadian Born* represented her belief in the glory of the British Empire. *Lady Rose's Daughter* stood for her belief in the ruling classes, even while they erred. *Marcella*, *Sir George Tresady*, were both expressions of her belief in a method of social reform. *Eleanor* glorified her belief in the great man—however tiresome.

The war brought forth a belief essay. It is not remarkable that she was chosen by the British Government during the war to be the exponent of *England's Effort*. England—the idea of England, the England of the Arnolds, was a subject to which she could with the fullest heart give the whole outpouring of her patriotic feeling. Every soldier was a hero; every hero died with 'England' on his lips. And if too many of these soldiers were generals—some of whom had made ghastly mistakes, costing thousands of lives, and if all spirits did not always find glory in the mud and blood and beastliness that is called war—why then, they were hero-ized by the flood of enthusiasm which

Mrs. Ward honestly felt for them. A better propagandist could not have been found, because no one but a real Victorian could so have concentrated on one point to the exclusion of so many cognate points. It is a mark of her power of propaganda that she begins her war-novel with characters who are definitely anti-war and devoted instead to the study of Greek. There is no attempt to minimize their right to an opinion; on the contrary, it is made rather attractive. But, in the end of course, their conversion is proportionately more effective.

The propagandist—the really successful propagandist—must inevitably be able to believe two things at once, whether or not they happen to coincide. And the greater his faith, the more telling will be his work. Mrs. Ward was a confirmed anti-suffragist. She was head of the anti-suffragist party and, both by pen and voice and great personal influence in the House of Lords, struggled against the giving of the vote to women. Incidentally, she was a good loser, too, and when the Suffrage Bill became law took her defeat gracefully, writing that at the moment of her defeat she could not help feeling how pleased she would be in Mrs. Fawcett's place. On the other hand, she believed firmly in municipal work for women, did much to promote it and recently became herself one of the first women justices. But opposed as she was to the suffrage, she saw no inconsistency in her strenuous efforts to put her son into Parliament, where he was nicknamed the Member for Mrs. Humphry Ward. Here again, her powers as propagandist came into play and by a series of very able "Letters to my Neighbors," which were afterwards printed and used widely by other candidates, she effectively won her son his seat, where he represented her views to the last fraction.

It is difficult to reconcile the two attitudes, unless one remembers that Mrs. Ward was thoroughly romanticist by temperament. Always deeply interested in current questions, religious, social, political, this interest became officialized, as it were, with Gladstone's sixty-page review of *Robert Elsmere*. Hitting off exactly, as it did, the religious problems which were agitating people at large, this novel thrust her into the forefront of the then "new thought" and thence it was but a short step to the practicalities of politics and social reform.

Mrs. Ward was at heart a hero-worshipper of all gov-

ernment—preferably good government, but still government, for bad government has the advantage of being reformable. I do not suppose there was ever a government which left no room for reform, but if there was, it would be a bad day for the reformer and Mrs. Ward was a born reformer. In this capacity, she pictured herself and others of the elect in the romantic rôle of aiding with counsel, and privately, those who were to carry out the great work. It was to be no mob of women voters, all with the same right to give counsel, but a Paradise of the few. It was not to be shouted in the market-place, but whispered amid cloistered shades. Hence her instinctive dislike for the vote, even while in her own mind she permitted women to fill subordinate offices. Herself the friend of Asquith, Grey, Balfour, Haldane, of most of the prominent politicians of the day, she invested them with a golden romantic atmosphere, discussed with them all the leading questions of the times, played the rôle of Egeria, which obviously did not include the vote at large.

On the social side, Mrs. Ward was also a propagandist, but here perhaps the double thread harmonized most perfectly. It is not only her novels, which are full of schemes for the betterment of the less fortunate, full of sympathy for those whose lots are cast in unpleasant places. She does not only write about poverty and squalor and hardship. Her intense love for her little grandchildren was founded on a broad basis. Her Passmore Edwards Settlement work is well known in this country. Her work for crippled children and for London children generally, is often obscured by her other outstanding achievements. The Play Centres were the beginning of a great movement in London to improve social conditions not only at the end but at the beginning of life. In spite of London's many parks, there were yet, in its huge extent, thousands of children in the poorer districts whose only playground was the street. This had the inevitable consequences in accidents, poor health, juvenile delinquency. Mrs. Ward began her work in a small way, by opening privately a Play Centre or two and securing workers from among her friends. Games were organized and those who wished could follow occupations—wood-carving, needlework, drill, dancing. The success of the original Play Centres was instantaneous and it became something of a tragedy to turn away children for whom there

was no room. A system was organized by which children took turns in coming, but obviously here was a great need and one which demanded to be met. The work might have stopped short or have run its promoters into debt in extending it indefinitely. Mrs. Ward, with statesmanlike instinct, conceived of the idea of using schools for play as well as for work. The idea, obvious enough now, but regarded at the time as an innovation, went through amid much headshaking on the part of the authorities generally. In the end, and after immense labor and organization, the Play Centres were extended all over London and when sufficient voluntary helpers could not be found, money was raised and competent and carefully chosen helpers were employed, who otherwise could not have afforded to give their time. Occupations and amusements extended their scope and five-year-old Percy in plush breeches and with a perpetual cold in his nose, flocked to the Play Centre as eagerly as did Florence on the verge of leaving school, and giving herself airs in consequence.

Nor did her work among children stop here. Crippled children also came under her care and she was one of the first people to conceive of the idea of making the lives of these unfortunate children as normal as was possible under the circumstances. They all came to her—some pushed by their mothers in long chairs—children who otherwise never had an outing; some carried, some hobbling along on their crutches; some, who were merely hump-backed, helping to bring more unfortunate friends. Their health was the first consideration and many of them recovered to a certain extent through the care given and the opportunities provided of country air and good food. They were taught occupations according to their capacity, and at Christmas—there never were such Christmases as these—they used act a little play, of which the hero often limped and the heroine too often perforce reclined upon a couch. The enjoyment of these crippled knights in brown paper armour and of wan princesses in gilt crowns was beyond all words. Among them all Mrs. Ward used constantly to go. Often they were a little shy of her dominant voice and rather grand manner, but at bottom they knew that, but for her, perhaps none of them would wear brown paper armour or gilt crowns. Here the propagandist and the human being were entirely one. The development of Mrs. Ward's work—of the Arnold tra-

dition of social obligation—is carried on by both her daughters, one of whom has been the promoter of excellent dental clinics for schoolchildren in London and both of whom interest themselves actively in after-care work among children just leaving school and children with enfeebled health.

You cannot dogmatize without a sense of rightness. The Victorians had this sense very strongly. The Arnolds were essentially Victorian. Dr. Arnold of Rugby invented a new system of morals for public schools. William Arnold, Mrs. Ward's brother, would have fought under Cromwell with all the charm of a cavalier. A scholar of the first water, he knew how to control rightness—my rightness as opposed to your rightness—and to keep it in proportion. One of the most brilliant men of his time, he might have achieved anything but for ill-health. Mrs. Ward's rightness was more dogmatic, partly because she was less disciplined, partly because she was a romanticist and colored things as she wished them to be. She corresponded with all the eminent people of her time and was intimate with many of them. They used to come to the house in Grosvenor Place, with its beautiful pictures, but they, as did lesser people, found her most herself during the happy week-ends at Stocks. Here the week-end parties used to include Trevelyan and Huxleys, Lord Haldane was a frequent visitor, Lord Grey, Henry James, the Asquiths, the Rothschilds—all used to contribute to the philosophical, literary or political discussion in which Mrs. Ward revelled. Frequently also they would join in the games, terrifying to the less gifted—of cap-versing and other intellectual acrobatics. From the truly great, Mrs. Ward would take any contradiction, mind leaping to mind. But let a lesser personality attempt to defame one of her idols—and there were many of them—and the lesser personality was not long in regretting his temerity. She could not even bear reflections on minor points, such as dress or bearing. Any one whom she had once canonized was, once for all, perfect—to be worshipped as she worshipped them. The same characteristic applied equally to causes. She could tolerate the point of view of her peer, but she simply could not bear the differing point of view of any lesser light. This sense of rightness and her power of expression made her a formidable antagonist.

My pleasantest memory of Mrs. Ward dates back to the spring before the war—a Sunday in her country house at

Stocks. It was a day of fitful sunshine. Purple hyacinths scented the air and in the copse near the house, daffodils bloomed, thousands of them, their yellow heads swept by the breeze. Patches of sunlight flecked the smooth lawn. The grandchildren were there—a little Mary, remarkably like her grandmother, with the keen eye, the dominant character, the tendency to brush aside the non-essential.

The kindest of women, Mrs. Ward never suffered fools gladly. In her early married days at Oxford, she was centre of a group of intellectuals. She came of the George Eliot tradition, was indeed Elisha to her Elijah, carrying on George Eliot's passion for learning with perhaps something of the same self-consciousness that a woman should indeed read Greek before breakfast! But she mellowed greatly as she grew older and this mellowness was never more apparent than on that spring Sunday, in the tenderness which she showed to her own family, her passion for the flowers in her own beautiful home, her pride in her son, and her fondness for a little yapping Pomeranian dog, who, after the manner of Pomeranians all the world over, took liberties under her august protection, which did not make for his general popularity. I see her now, wearing a long cloak, sweeping, stately, across the wide lawn to greet her friends, her face alight and the dark, hawk-like features losing something of their keenness in the welcoming smile.

With her death, a great personality has passed away, many-sided, full of beliefs; belonging actually to the comfortable, leisurely world before the war; carrying with it some of the old-time fragrance, upon which a new world has no time to dwell. A new set of problems has outstripped her, who was in the forefront of the problems of her day. Outwardly successful and prosperous, she had many sorrows, so bravely borne as to show the real grit of the woman, the underlying Arnold fibre. Her enthusiasms, her generosity to all and sundry, her warm and ample personality, link her up with all outstanding characters, whose very antagonisms, once they are no longer there, inspire the greater affection in those who are left behind.

MURIEL HARRIS.

BIOGRAPHY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY—II

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

THE wonderful Greeks who visualized in permanent and vital symbols even their deepest thoughts, pictured time, Chronos, as devouring his children. His appetite is as insatiable now as ever. Just as we have come to regard one fashion as enduring, he creates another to take its place. Thomas Carlyle thundered his depreciatory doctrines on eighteenth century France until he had made the world listen to him and believe; and then, while his echoes still went reverberating, John Morley came and taught us in tones far less vehement, to see the good in the France which Carlyle had weighed and found wanting. Morley's account of Voltaire if you seek to know what Voltaire actually was in time, will give you the necessary information. But for Carlyle, time was always merely a film, stretching in front of eternity, neither wholly transparent, nor wholly opaque. So Carlyle's judgments are not those of a decade or a fashion, but those which conform to the eternal laws, as he saw them. And Voltaire, or Rousseau, or Mirabeau, has a very different appearance to the intellect busied primarily with things temporal from what they have when they are thrown on the screen of things spiritual and eternal.

During nearly forty years, I have passed through several phases in my estimate of Thomas Carlyle. In my youth he made me a hero-worshipper and a hater of shams; he held me spell-bound by his humor and by the magnificence of many of his pages; he disclosed to me reality more real, than I had found in any other writer; he spoke to me with an austerity strangely fascinating, and in language as rhythmic as the long, everlasting roll of the sea, messages that might have come from a Hebrew prophet.

Then followed a period, not entirely of disillusion, but

of criticism and of slackened admiration. I perceived his mannerisms both in diction and in method. If nature has mannerisms she disguises them. Although she brings us a hundred storms in a year, each seems original and not an imitation of any which went before. I fell to doubting Carlyle's eternal verities; and I asked myself whether a man who did not discern a living hero in two of his contemporaries, like Lincoln and Cavour, could be trusted to discover dead heroes in times long past, and to measure them truly. Having lived through, if not outgrown, the age of wonder, I hungered for hard, concrete facts; for ideals which could be demonstrated; for the logic and continuity which science afforded us.

Then I entered a third phase in which I saw again Carlyle as an amazing genius, Carlyle, who flashed into the very heart and soul of men and women, Carlyle, who had a special gift for seeing through many parts of the film of time which were opaque to most of us, Carlyle, who beyond all other historians understood the terror of life and its inexorable doom, in which each of us has a stake. I delighted afresh in his incomparable humor. Who can compare with him in seizing upon the small, homely, cosy things? How he pounces on an apparent trifle, which, properly estimated, was the pivot on which history turned—such, for instance, as old Dragoon Drouet who, having caught a glimpse of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette taking flight in their berline towards the French border, strides over the fields by a short cut to Varennes, intercepts them there, causes their arrest, and so turns awry the catastrophe of the French Revolution. I doubt whether any other biographer or historian has ever equalled Carlyle in his genius for discerning the smallest detail in externals and in sweeping, as on a seraph's wing, over vast generalizations on the inmost meaning of life.

As a biographer, Carlyle is very uneven. Having decided that Frederick the Great was a hero, before he undertook to write about him, he could never look straight at the man except when he had magnifying or distorting glasses on. The result is that Carlyle, the most insistent of all historians on the moral interpretation of history, makes of Frederick the Great, who was really a monarch without moral sense in public affairs and the corruptor of the German people, a hero and model. No wonder that Carlyle,

blinded by this false simulation of greatness, should not recognize true greatness in George Washington but should sneer at him. Granted, however, that Frederick's portrait was to be painted as Carlyle saw him, what other historian could equal the variety, the humor, with which Carlyle painted it? For lifelikeness it could not be excelled, and yet it lacks symmetry, compactness, and the supreme quality of finality and beauty. If Carlyle only had had more of the Greek in his make-up! If he had only taken the Greek motto *Μηδὲν ἄγαν*—nothing too much—which every artist should carry stamped on his heart! But he was a Goth, and Gothic genius riots in digressions and superfluities. He reminds me of Rembrandt among the painters who gets so many of his effects from shadows and darkness. The figures in Carlyle's historic dramas seem like Rembrandt's portraits to emerge out of blackest night into life and color before they sink back into blackest night again.

We are no other than a moving row
Of magic shadow-shapes that come and go
Round with this sun-illumin'd lantern held
In midnight by the master of the show.

Carlyle's *Oliver Cromwell* is another masterpiece of interpretation. In it he exalts another great man who, it happened, was worthy of exaltation. Perhaps it is fanciful to suggest that to understand this book we must remember that it was written ten years after *The French Revolution*—the most astonishing prose epic in the language. In his study of the upheaval in France, Carlyle saw that anarchy and ruin must result from such an upheaval, unless there were a truly strong and wise man to lead it. Oliver Cromwell, who dominated the English revolution and was swayed by the deepest religious principles (fanaticism, his enemies would say), *was* a strong man and worthy of being revered. If, on the other hand, you turn to the *Life of Schiller* written earlier, before his passion for interpretation hurried Carlyle before it, you will discover rather a conventional specimen of biography in the first third of the nineteenth century. His *Life of John Sterling*, however, is one of the sweetest revelations of a fine manly character which one friend ever made of another; although viewed from the ideals of art, it has its excrescences and excesses.

The Italians have a proverb which sums up the common opinion of authors towards translators: "*Traduttore, tradi-*

tore." The play on the Italian words cannot be reproduced in English, but the meaning can be: "Translator, Traitor or Betrayer." I feel that in too many cases this motto would apply also to biographers and to no one more conspicuously than to James Anthony Froude. I once asked Charles Eliot Norton who knew both men, how Carlyle came to designate Froude as his biographer, and Mr. Norton replied by quoting Landor's sadly cynical epigram:

The wisest of the wise
Listen to pretty lies,
And love to hear them told.
Doubt not that Solomon
Listen'd to many a one,
Some in his youth and more when he grew old.

Froude, who was younger than Carlyle by more than twenty years, had been one of his earliest and staunchest devotees and, as Carlyle sank into old age, Froude attended him assiduously, and, it is not unkind to infer, suggested that he be made the great man's literary executor and biographer. We can see how, under the circumstances, Carlyle should be gratified to know that a disciple who gave him back his own opinions, should have charge of this important service. But see how tragic the results were!

Thomas Carlyle, in many respects, filled for the English speaking world during fifty years of the nineteenth century, a place similar to that filled in the eighteenth century by Samuel Johnson. Through the good fortune of having James Boswell for his biographer, Johnson lives as the most interesting, if not as the most beloved, figure of his age; whereas Carlyle, after the publication of his life by Froude suffered a personal eclipse from which he has not yet emerged. This is not owing to the fact that the fashion in writing history has changed, that science has discredited romanticism, that liberal and even radical ideas have swamped Carlyle's conservatism—Johnson's Toryism also had gone out of fashion before he died, but that did not lessen the interest men took in his personality: Carlyle's wounded name with posterity was due to Froude's betrayal.

I do not imply that Froude intentionally traduced Carlyle, his natural purpose being, of course, to magnify his hero; but as a biographer he was both false and inartistic. He was false, because he used the material which he found in Carlyle's letters and diaries to scourge persons whom he himself hated; he was inartistic, because by putting the

wrong emphasis on Carlyle's conduct he gave the world a wrong impression of the *total* man. To pick out a temporary state of mind, a fleeting irritation, a unique rudeness, a whim or foible, harmless and even amusing if described properly, and to present these as if they were habitual, the very bone and sinew of the man's character, was bad art. That kindest of critics and sweetest-natured of friends, Horace Furness, told me that he never wanted to hear of Carlyle again after he read in Froude's life, that he had allowed his wife to scrub the bricks in the little backyard of Number 5, Cheyne Row.

This is merely one example out of hundreds in Froude's biography, which illustrate the harm biographers may do by improper emphasis, unless each event is so framed that the reader can judge it truly, as he would do if he could have seen it himself. He either sins wilfully or is incompetent. In Froude's case we are forced to conclude that he sinned deliberately in order to gratify his own spite, or to push his own opinions. How otherwise shall we explain the multitude of verbal changes from Carlyle's manuscript to Froude's printed version—changes in some of which the neutral or kindly epithets of the original became abusive or malignant? How otherwise shall we explain that the slip of paper, on which Carlyle prohibited the publication of one of the volumes of reminiscences, disappeared, and that Froude discovered it only after the volume was printed, and Carlyle's niece insistently demanded it? I cite Froude as the great warning to biographers. He not only committed a crime against the hero he wished to glorify, but I fear that he so damaged Carlyle's reputation that it can be restored only when some true man, equipped with honesty, artistic sense, and adequate biographical talent shall write a life of him.

How different the fortune of Macaulay, Carlyle's chief contemporary master in the writing of history! His life by his nephew, Sir George Otto Trevelyan, seems to me, second only to Boswell's Johnson. Trevelyan wrote on a different plan from Boswell's, but he achieved what he intended not less remarkably than did Boswell. In this work you have a perfect interweaving of biography and history, balance, discretion, a rare skill in summarizing, ample quotation from letters and journals, but not too ample, and a sufficiently intimate portrayal of Macaulay as public man,

and especially as son, brother, uncle, and friend. The doctrinaires, who supposed thirty years ago that they had killed Macaulay, are themselves dead, but he lives on, and it seems quite unlikely that the English-speaking race will soon if ever throw over into oblivion this spokesman of some of its mightiest characteristics. As long as Macaulay is read, Trevelyan's life of him also will be read, and it will serve as a pattern for countless future biographers.

Remember that one-half, I might almost say four-fifths, of a biography depends on the biographer. The charm of *The Life of Alice Freeman Palmer* springs from the fact that her husband, Professor George H. Palmer wrote it. He saw her as a beautiful ideal, and had the art and imagination, and glow to make us all see her as he did. On the other hand, Justin Winsor, in his biography of Columbus falls short, because he devotes too much time to the low qualities and misdemeanors of Columbus. Now Columbus was created to discover America, and not to be a pattern, like St. Francis of Assisi, or some of the Pilgrim Fathers, of the highest Christian virtues. In like fashion, it seems to me, the Reverend A. V. G. Allen's portrait of Phillips Brooks is out of drawing, because he emphasizes too much, matters which interested Allen as a theologian, more than they did Brooks as an Evangelist, whose mission it was to speak at all times and at all places with wonderful persuasion, the message of God.

I shall not attempt to discuss, even briefly, the later biographies in English. I have already mentioned Morley's *Life of Gladstone* and Winston Churchill's life of his father, Lord Randolph. The latter would be twice as good if it were half as long, for Churchill errs, as most Englishmen do, in attaching an exaggerated importance to partisan political details. After all, Sir Stafford Northcote, Goschen, Lord Hartington, and even Lord Salisbury are not personages of heroic size or gigantic importance, when viewed through the perspective of thirty years, and Mr. Churchill describes them so minutely that I find it difficult to trace in his description the trunk-line of their policy.

Hallam Tennyson's life of his father would confirm those who hold that the widow or son of a celebrity ought never to be his biographer. On the other hand Francis Darwin and Leonard Huxley both produced satisfactory biographies of their fathers.

I have not considered French, Italian, and German biographical works, partly because I am not familiar with enough of them to draw any general conclusions. A whole library has been written about Napoleon but, as far as I know nobody has yet achieved a transcendent biography of him. The same is true of Bismarck, and the likelihood seems slight that he will ever be put into a book to be read throughout the world. For German biographers are so absorbed in the shoe-buckles and laundry bills of their heroes—witness Düntzer's *Goethe* and *Schiller*—that they are unable to get inside of the man, or even to stand upright and look at him eye to eye. They have too much the posture of lackeys and valets.

In French, Paul Sabatier's *Life of St. Francis* illustrates how, through sympathy, the right biographer can almost persuade his readers that a character who comes to them through a golden mist of miracles is real. More recently, Valéry-Radot has depicted the great man of science, Louis Pasteur, so nobly that he seems as worthy of wearing a halo as did any medieval saint.

In one branch of biography the French have excelled, and that is in critical and analytical lives of public men. Whoever reads the monographs on *Cavour* and on *Mettelnich*, by Charles de Mazade, will see excellent specimens of this *genre*, which has thriven too little among us because our historical students were long intimidated by the German professors, who sneered at any work in which footnotes and references did not outmeasure the text. But this despotism by pedants is, we may hope, at an end.

Bringing our survey of the art of biography down to the present, multiplicity seems to be its foremost trait. We understand that any man who is *interesting* may be a proper subject for a biographer; kings, dukes and the upper classes must now have more than their title and position in order to attract us. We recognize, also, that each person, like the sitter for a painter, requires to be drawn in the attitude and atmosphere which will most fitly reveal him. I regard sympathy as an indispensable qualification in the biographer, although a good many persons still believe that devil's advocates are more likely to tell the truth. The sympathy which I mean, however, does not degenerate into unrestrained eulogy but interprets the defects, blunders, and even the sins of its sub-

ject, in their true relations. The aim of the biographer should be *totality* which, if achieved, coincides with Michael Angelo's definition of beauty: "*Il più nell'uno*"—the whole in one, or the universal in the particular.

To see a world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower;
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand
And eternity in an hour.

So I leave biography on the threshold of what may be a golden age. Its outlook was never brighter. Its votaries will practise it with a constantly increasing skill. The demand for veracity will not slacken. The public, grown more discerning, will read it with greater relish. And I think that we may predict that the general average of biographical writing will be higher than it has been, though the number of master biographers like that of master portrait painters can never be large, hardly more than two or three in a century.

The fact that the persons and events the biographer depicts were *real* will lend to them an additional attractiveness.

Given life, the first impulse of life, the incessant triumphant impulse, is to manifest itself in individuals. From the beginning there has never been a moment, or the fraction of a second, when the universe or the tiniest part of it, became abstract. In the world of matter not less than in the organic world of animals and plants, always and everywhere and forever—individuals! From atom to Sirius, nothing but individuals! Even in the protean transmutation of one thing into another, of life into death, and death into life, individuality keeps pace with each changing stage.

Since the process of individualization is from lower to higher, from simple to complex, the acknowledged great men in history, or the persons who stand out from any mass, are endowed with unusual qualities, or with common qualities in an uncommon degree—an endowment which gives them more points of contact, more power, more interest, more charm. These are the men and women whom biography perpetuates. The master creations of fiction spring from the human brain; the subjects of biography are the very creations of God himself; the realities of God must forever transcend the fictions of man.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

LOUIS BERTRAND

A Study in Artistic Personality

BY FREDERICK PEARCE DELGADO

*Hélas! nous avons tous dans le passé un jour de bonheur
qui nous désenchante l'avenir.*

The Romantic School in France has had its historians and its apologists, its adherents and its detractors. The battle for and against its dogmas and its theories of literary esthetics has concerned itself largely with the great names of the period. Writers such as Hugo, de Musset, Sand, Gautier, Dumas, Nodier and Sainte-Beuve were the generals, the standard-bearers around whom gathered the foes of an earlier classicism and a later realism, and against whom the self-confessed Zola led a somewhat heterogeneous army composed of widely divergent elements. But the sub-lieutenants of the period have been forgot. Many perished in advance of their day, before they had obtained the rank they deserved. They were not unworthy of Théodore de Banville's haunting lines:

*Dis-nous mil huit cent trente,
Epoque fulgurante,
Ses luttes, ses ardeurs—*

They left the field of action to their stronger compatriots and bequeathed to the *memorabilia* of those arduous days the memory of a book, a polemic, a verse or a troubled line.

It may be said of Louis Bertrand, one of the lost souls of French Romanticism, that in a literary interpretation he exemplified the philosophy of the great Corsican who once declared that every grenadier carried a marshal's *bâton* in his knapsack. In the case of Bertrand, however, the *bâton* was a pen whose delicate point became dulled before its time. His one book, *Gaspard de la Nuit*, despite the somewhat sinister aspect of its title, reveals the promise of a genius that was too early stifled out, that exhausted itself in

the struggles of an epoch that was fatal to minds and bodies too delicately attuned.

That little is known of the life of Louis Bertrand is comparatively unimportant, because what one accomplishes by no means attains the importance of what one thinks, as life is only a feeble translation of volition. For the benefit of those, however, who demand the *data* of time, place and environment, it may be stated that Bertrand was born in 1807, at Céva, in Piedmont. His father was French and his mother an Italian. Of the former, the son has left the following pen-picture: "My father was one of the patriots of 1789, a soldier of fortune who for eighteen years fought along the borders of the Rhine and who at the age of fifty had completed thirty years of service, nine campaigns and had received six wounds. He left me only his honor and his sword." Bertrand's school days were passed at Dijon where his parents had established themselves after the fall of the Empire. Among his school-mates was Antoine de Latour, the poet. When quite young, he began contributing verses to a journal of Dijon, *Le Provincial*, which attracted the attention of Chateaubriand, of Nodier and of Hugo. In 1828, he undertook his first trip to Paris—that gypsy star of all those who are of the provinces and who find their abilities unappreciated and their longings unassuaged in a small provincial city. There he was well received by *la jeune école poétique*, but he was not of those who seek the protection and the acclaim of brother artists. He continually flitted from Dijon to Paris and back again, a vagabond whose long road was thus marked by two mile-stones. At Paris, he attached himself especially to Sainte-Beuve, who became his friend and counselor. Upon the outbreak of the July Revolution, he was at Dijon. He eagerly acclaimed it and served it energetically with his pen in the *Patriote de la Côte d'Or*. For awhile he entered into the violent political struggles of the day, but he soon retired into fields of lesser activity and where his talent might better display itself. Accordingly, he returned to Paris, to the alluring but, at that time, unremunerative vocation of literature. Poor and of ill health and forced moreover to support his mother and sister, he found the struggle too great. In 1841, at the age of thirty-four, he died in a charity hospital. It has been said that he was buried without consecration or ceremony. After his death, his friends Sainte-Beuve and David d'An-

gers published the one unique manuscript of his verse and prose—*Gaspard de la Nuit*.

Having thus set down somewhat briefly the main events in a life that ended so abruptly and was so incomplete, the significance of his book, how far it was removed from the exigencies of his daily affairs, his philosophy of art and life, demand a more extended treatment. To be exact, *Gaspard de la Nuit* consists of a long introduction in which the past glories of Dijon and certain questions and reservations concerning art are touched upon, a short preface explanatory of the *esthétique* of the book, a dedication to Victor Hugo and then a series of Fantasies, very short, very polished, scintillating, almost, recalling the delicate technique of the lapidary's art and exemplifying the theory expounded in the preface. The *raison d'être* of the fantasies is as follows: In the introduction, the author relates how, demanding one day of a stranger what were the laws of literary esthetics, he who bore the name of Gaspard de la Nuit, gave him in reply the manuscript of these poems in prose. Of this strange individual he writes: "My conjectures had charitably ranged him among those strolling artists, players of violins and painters of portraits, whom an unceasing hunger and an unquenchable thirst condemned to wander throughout the world in the trace of the Wandering Jew."

It is in the preface, however, that the theory of art which the fantasies illustrate is exemplified. According to Bertrand, art has always two antithetical aspects, a medal, for instance, the face of which bears the resemblance of Paul Rembrandt and the reverse that of Jacques Callot. Rembrandt is typical of the philosopher, his mind occupied in meditation and in prayer, who communes with the spirits of beauty, of science, of wisdom and of love, and who devotes himself to penetrating the mysterious symbols of nature. Callot, on the contrary, is the blustering and light-hearted vagabond, who struts about the square, who is noisy in the tavern, who swears only by his sword and his carbine and who has no other care than to wax his moustache. Art is thus considered under this double personification. But it is not too exclusive. Accordingly, there are studies in the fashion of Van Eyck, Lucas de Leyde, Albert Durer, Peeter Neef, Breughel de Velours, Breughel d'Enfer, Van Ostade, Gérard Dow, Salvator Rosa, Fusely and other masters.

Before examining the fantasies, it is well to study some-

what the introduction to the book wherein is set down much that is curious and illuminating concerning Dijon which Bertrand loved passionately. His regard for that city recalls to mind Rodenbach's passion for the Flemish city of Bruges. Yet he was not so much concerned in the *esthétique* of a city as was the jealous Fleming of Tournai. He loved more its outward appearance, sought not so deeply for its soul. "I love Dijon," he declares, "as the infant its nurse, as the poet the young girl who has initiated his heart." Then, as an afterthought, he adds, "Infancy and poesy! How ephemeral is the one and how delusive the other!" It was the ancient city of the dukes of Bourgogne that he loved best, whose history, whose terraced walls and embattlements he ever sought to recall—*un Dijon d'autrefois*. In the following lines he gives expression to this regard.

*Gothique Donjon
Et Flèche gothique
Dans un ciel d'optique,
Là-bas, c'est Dijon
Ses joyeuses treilles
N'ont point leurs pareilles;
Ses clochers jadis
Se comptaient par dix.
Là, plus d'une pinte
Est sculptée ou peinte;
Là, plus d'un portail
S'ouvre en éventail.
Dijon, moult te tarde! ⁽¹⁾
Et mon luth camard
Chante ta moutarde
Et ton Jacquemart!*

Coming now to a consideration of the fantasies themselves, we approach the real charm of the book, the charm that clusters about and clings to work that is delicately chiselled out, that depends more upon the presentation than the subject matter, whose interest as a human document is almost completely overshadowed by its form. This may not be art in the larger sense, but it is in the more specific and restricted sense that interpretation ever instills an element of subjectivity into principles that of themselves are purely obvious and are of only material consideration.

The fantasies are divided into six books according to their form and subject matter, and are titled as follows: *Ecole Flamande, Le Vieux Paris, La Nuit et ses Prestiges,*

(1) *Moult me tarde!* Paraphrase on ancient communal devise of Dijon.

Les Chroniques, Espagne et Italie and *Silves*. There are likewise a few detached pieces added. True to Bertrand's theories, they assume the various characterizations of certain schools of art, and in many cases adequately represent the analogy they were intended to convey. In the *Ecole Flamannde*, for instance, there is one entitled *Harlem* which as a pen-picture admirably brings to mind the work of David Teniers or of Rembrandt. The author portrays minutely and deftly the canal in which the blue water trembles, the church whose windows glow golden in the sun, and the storks which lazily flap their wings about the town clock, stretching their necks high in the air to receive in their beaks the drops of rain. Then in another, *La Tour de Nesle*, he describes, as Callot might have painted it, the pressing crowd of jesters, cripples and beggars flocking together upon the square and dancing before a spiral column of flame and smoke. Murillo would have loved to depict on the canvas *Les Muletiers*, the brown Andalusians among their mules and at prayer, rosary in hand and calling upon Our Lady of Atocha for protection. Finally, may be cited the delicate sketch, *Octobre*, recalling a study by Gérard Dow or Fusely. The little Savoyards are returning home and already their cry awakens the sleeping echoes of the quarter, for as the swallows precede the spring time, they precede the winter.

In order to present a more extended idea of the scope and grace of these little fantasies, it is necessary to translate some in detail, in spite of the fact that such poetic flora must of necessity lose a great deal of their charm when transplanted into the hardier soil of a less melodious tongue. The one that follows was suggested by and no doubt inspired by this phrase of Saint-Simon's: "*Madame de Montbazon était une fort belle créature qui mourut d'amour, cela pris à la lettre, l'autre siècle, pour le chevalier de la Rue qui ne l'aimait point.*" Bertrand has caught and preserved the poignant tragedy that lurks in those lines.

MADAME DE MONTBAZON

The nurse arranged upon the table a vase of flowers and the wax tapers whose reflection illuminated, in shades of red and yellow, the curtains of blue silk draped over the head of the sick bed.

"Do you believe, Mariette, that he will come?"

"Oh, sleep, sleep a little, Madame!"

"Yes, I will fall asleep soon in order to dream of him throughout all eternity."

A step was heard upon the stair.

"Ah! If it were only he!" murmured the dying woman, smiling, the shadow of death already upon her lips.

It was a little page who brought from the queen to Madame the duchess, some sweetmeats, biscuits and cordials upon a silver platter.

"Ah, he comes not," she said with faltering voice, "he will not come! Mariette, give me one of these flowers in order that I may breathe in its perfume and kiss it for the love of him!"

Then, Madame de Montbazon, closing her eyes, became motionless. She had died of love, rendering her soul into the aroma of a hyacinth.

* * * * *

In its original tongue, it would be hard to find anything more beautiful, more concisely expressed than the above little tragedy. There is not a superfluous word. It is unique, photographic almost, essentially human. It may be taken as typical of that face of the medal on which the head of Rembrandt is engraved. For the reverse side, that of Callot, the fantasy entitled *L'Office du Soir* will suffice.

L'OFFICE DU SOIR

Thirty monks, their eyes riveted upon psalters as unkempt as their beards, were praising God and vilifying the Devil.

* * * * *

"Madame, your shoulders are a cluster of lilies and roses." And as the cavalier inclined his head, he pierced the eye of his valet with the tip of his sword.

"Mocker!" she whispered. "Are you seeking to distract me?"

"Is it *The Imitation of Jesus* that you are reading, Madame?"

"No, it is *The Game of Love and of Gallantry*."

But the service had been chanted, and she closed her book and arose from her chair.

"Let us depart," said she. "Enough of prayer for to-day."

* * * * *

And I, a pilgrim, kneeling apart, seemed to hear the angels descending melodiously from the skies.

The art of the above is both scathing and satiric, quite in keeping with the art of Callot. In contrast to it may be quoted the simple, tender appeal of other fancies, selected at random, such as—"The poet is like the wall flower which clings, frail and fragrant, to the granite and demands less of the earth than of the sun."

Other and perhaps more extended citations might be given of Bertrand's peculiar talent, but those already quoted indicate the delicate vein of his genius. There remains only the consideration of his place among his contemporaries, certain deductions upon his art and style, if critical methods can rightly be brought to bear upon a personality so intangible, so imprecise as to baffle almost the scope of criticism.

Bertrand cannot be classed among the leaders of the Romantic Movement, but he ranks high, and is among those who just missed getting into that charmed circle over which Hugo held such royal and undisputed sway. Perhaps if he had lived longer and if poverty and illness had not dogged his footsteps, he might have given freer and larger expression to his genius. He was not fecund in his work. He loved best to retouch, to repolish. He was never satisfied with it, and that is why he produced so little, was forced aside while others, stronger and perhaps less scrupulous, soared to heights he was unable to mount. Yet a nature such as his scorned the readiness and often the eagerness which others sometimes assert in proclaiming their talents to the world. He knew that his work would not live except perhaps in the memory of a few who love to delve into the little byways and discover there what the world has brushed aside and unjustly forgot. In his dedication to Hugo, he affirmed that his little book would succumb to the fate of that which perishes, after having perhaps for a day amused the court and the city which were both so easily entertained. But the aroma that clings to the few pages that still evoke his name will live long among those who are captivated and enchanted by the graces and subtleties of a poetic prose. For indeed his prose is harmonious, cadenced, rhythmic, of an irreproachable purity, clear and precise in its expression, with a picturesqueness that reveals the art of some of those great painters with whom he was

spiritually and artistically in accord. And his work has not been without its influence. Baudelaire and Rodenbach both exploited his *genre littéraire*.

The work of Bertrand was not personal in so far as it mirrored or suggested his own unhappy career. It is largely detached, belongs to quite another day than the long one whose hours he so patiently and so quietly counted. Yet here and there are touches, little confessions that illustrate the theory that no man can ever completely separate himself from the children of his imagination. One can almost look back and resurrect his personality from among these *fantasies mignonnes*.

No doubt, from time to time, he wandered about his Dijon, perhaps on a spring day, captivated by the remnants of its old bastions, its façades barred with the cross of St. Andrew, its churches, its *sainte chapelle*, its abbeys of Saint-Etienne and of Saint-Bénigne, its castle and monastery of Chartreuse, in a word the Dijon of Philippe-le-Hardi, of Jean-sans-Peur, of Philippe-le-Bon and of Charles-le-Téméraire. Strolling among the ruins of a past and now decaying glory, he must have become conscious of a Dijon of a later day, the capital of the department of the Côte d'Or known for its Burgundian vintages, its manufactures and its trade in grain. Perhaps, somewhat *désillusionné*, he returned to his lodgings and in the quiet of his room, apart from the manifestations of modernity, dreamed anew of that ancient Dijon with its towers and its turrets, its marvelous histories and its past glories. There, no doubt, in the gathering dusk he set down on paper the phantasmagoria of his keenly sensitive and impressive mind. Like the worker in mosaic, deftly and patiently, he resurrected and reconstructed, fitting here and rejecting there, as persevering as the goldsmith hammering out with dexterous strokes the bit of flashing color that glistens in his hand. In this wise he undoubtedly labored until his fantasies became more than exquisite little bits of prose, scintillated with all the touches and polishings of a beloved craftsmanship recalling here a Gothic jewel, there an example of Japanese enamel, a *potiche d'ivoire*, an ornament of Chinese jade.

FREDERICK PEARCE DELGADO.

NOTES ON A SEASON'S MUSIC

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

I.

WE have heard it said by naïvely flamboyant souls that New York is "the musical Mecca of the world." Well, allowing for certain obvious qualifications which it would be tedious to recite, that is now substantially true. Sooner or later, the European sovereigns of the tonal kingdom—fiddlers and pianists, conductors and singers—journey to this alien capital, and, if they see a chance to make sufficient profit, they become naturalized and remain to dwell among us, bravely subduing their ineffable contempt for us by a determined contemplation of their mounting bank-accounts, and an appreciative observation of the worth of the dollar as against the worth of the lira, the franc, the florin, the ruble, the peseta, and the mark. And where the sovereigns of music dwell, thither flock the worshippers—to lose themselves in wonder, love, and praise at the feet of the businesslike ladies and gentlemen who are willing, for a consideration, to cast their pearls before the herds of this modern country of the Gadarenes—which, for those keen-eyed foreigners, is still, as in former days, upon "the other side of the sea."

It is an ancient comedy, of course, and those who observe its perennial reënactment—the unabated (but tactfully suppressed) contemptuousness of the dispensers of aesthetic largesse, and the ecstatic caperings of the herd—would be wasting their energies if they should view it with any emotion more exhausting than a resigned and melancholy humor. We mention the phenomenon only to make clear once more why it is that so much of the excellence of New York's music-making is a matter of the performer and the performance, rather than of the thing performed. It is still possible, for example—indeed, it is the easiest thing in the

world—for the Metropolitan Opera House to ignore, as it has ignored year after year, that work of extraordinary genius which competent opinion has agreed to regard as the most distinguished music-drama composed since the death of Wagner. If the Metropolitan wishes to add to its French répertoire, it need not concern itself with the difficult best: it need only reach out languidly and gather in—*L'Oiseau Bleu*. What if *Pelléas et Mélisande* is available? What if *Louise* is available? What if *L'Heure Espagnol* is available? What if Ernest Bloch's remarkable *Macbeth* is still unknown outside of Paris? If the Russian répertoire needs expansion, the Metropolitan need not seek to acquire Stravinsky's incomparable *Rossignol*; the banal *Eugene Oniegin* of Tchaikovsky will suffice. Why will it suffice? Because, so long as the Metropolitan has Mr. Caruso (and, less consequentially, Mrs. Tellegen) it need not seriously bestir itself about the rest of its répertoire. Anything will do.

Hence the question asked, year after year, by a certain disconsolate few,—Why does the Metropolitan so often choose third-rate or fourth-rate operas, when first-rate ones are available?—is easily answered. The Metropolitan need not put itself to the trouble of seeking and acquiring works of the first class, because it does not have to. There is no compelling public demand for the best music, but only for illustrious and exciting artists. If, for one reason or another, it seems expedient and rewarding to offer *Zaza* or *La Juive*, why should the Metropolitan concern itself with *Pelléas* or *Louise*? If the public can count upon hearing Mr. Caruso and Mrs. Tellegen, it is wholly satisfied. Not only is it indifferent to the particular vehicles used by those charmers, but it is amiable about the constitution of that negligible part of the répertoire which does not employ them. If it can observe Mrs. Tellegen emotionalizing in the shoddy and worthless *Zaza* on the first Friday of the month, and Mr. Caruso stirring the ancient dust of *La Juive* on the second Friday, it will stomach *L'Oiseau Bleu* on the third Friday without complaint. It is not greedy. If it can have Mr. Caruso, Paris and Lexington Avenue may keep *Pelléas et Mélisande*. Thus it happens that the Metropolitan seasons have resolved themselves, for the most part, into devices for exhibiting Mr. Caruso (or Mrs. Tellegen) and lazy apolo-

gies for withholding them. The devices are easily achieved; the apologies suffice.

That chronically disrespectful observer, Mr. William James Henderson, pointing out in the *Sun-Herald* that the unspeakable Leoncavallo "enjoyed eighteen performances with only two operas, *Pagliacci* and *Zaza*," observes: "Shall we not grasp something of the great open secret?" We shall indeed: for, as is known to all, Mr. Caruso sublimated the one and Mrs. Tellegen the other. In view of that momentous fact, an enumeration of the season's additions to the Metropolitan list falls into its due position of bottomless unimportance. But, to point our moral and adorn our sorrowful tale, let us name them: There were four "novelties": *Zaza*, *L'Oiseau Bleu*, *Eugene Oniegin* and *Cleopatra's Night*. There were four "revivals": *La Juive*, *Manon*, *L'Italiana in Algeri* and *Parsifal*. Concerning these refreshments of the répertoire, it may be said briefly that the "novelties" (Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Oniegin* is a toddler of forty-two) are, without exception, works of the fourth or fifth class, and that of the "revivals", two are irremediably antiquated, one is a charming specimen of the operatic *bon-bon* school, and one is among the treasures of the world's art.

The Metropolitan gave seven performances of *Zaza*. But it also gave six performances of *Parsifal*, and for that, much will be forgiven it—even, let us dare to say, *Zaza*. The sagacious and diplomatic Gatti-Casazza not only set up once more within our holy temple of operatic art the holy temple of the Grail, but also, with exquisite Latin courtesy, he made public avowal of his conviction that Wagner, after all, was a very pretty fellow in his day—that he was even capable, perhaps, of enduring the sunlight of a modernity which is irradiated by the genius of Puccini and Rabaud and Albert Wolff.

"Let us say, in no uncertain tone," resolutely affirmed Mr. Gatti-Casazza in a statement to his patrons, "that no war, no human stupidity, no contumacy, can obscure the fact that Richard Wagner created a new musical world which no force ever can destroy or depreciate—a world which exists for the enjoyment of lovers of the theatre and for the life of the theatre itself. . . . If one considers the combination of gifts with which he was endowed, and the result which he succeeded in achieving, beyond all

doubt Wagner was the greatest man that the theatre ever produced. . . . The Metropolitan Opera House was the first to receive *Parsifal* outside its place of origin. This great mystic drama, which ends with the descent from Heaven of the white dove, returns for presentation as if it were a symbol of peace to men of good will.

"It will not be performed either as a social or religious function; no, but as a function truly artistic, and it will evoke emotions profound and pure, such as the rarest scenic-musical spectacles can possibly awaken.

"The life of the Director of a theatre is so infrequent in veritable artistic enjoyment that no hypocritical reason can prevent me from sincerely manifesting my great pleasure in an event so splendid, and of applying to Richard Wagner the invitation of Dante:—

Onorate l'altissimo Poeta!"

.

Happily said, and possessing the subordinate virtue of verity. And so, thus graciously chaperoned by one whose contrateutonism was above suspicion, *Parsifal* and his healing spear returned to town. He is not quite the Pure Fool of old. He conveys to us less the atmosphere of Monsalvat than of Muncie, Indiana. He lacks elevation and distinction and imagination, and he walks through a scenic world that suggests Alaska and Asbury Park rather than the mellow quietudes of Monsalvat and the sensuous luxuriance of Klingsor's enchanted houri-land. But the marvelous music is there to compensate every insufficiency and extenuate every ineptitude by its sufficing and inexhaustible beauty.

II.

If the Metropolitan is justly to be wept over for its sins of omission, the visiting Chicago company was equally culpable for its sins of commission. The Chicago organization has an amazing répertoire—a répertoire that stretches from *Pelléas et Mélisande* to *Dinorah*, and exhibits along that almost measureless route such excellent refuges as *L'Heure Espagnol* of Ravel, Montemezzi's *La Nave*, and John Alden Carpenter's delightful *Birthday of the Infanta*. It possesses the incredible Miss Garden, and Rosa Raisa, and Amelita

Galli-Curci—to utter only a few of the most plangent names. But its performances have fallen upon evil days since the death of Mr. Campanini; many of them have become almost unendurable by reason of their crudity and roughness and incoördination. Even the company's supreme artistic card, the *Pelléas* production, tends to decline almost into frustration because of the mishandling of the insensitive bungler who conducts it. Mr. Campanini cannot, alas, be raised from the grave; but the New York performances of the Chicago company must be raised out of the rut of carelessness and perfunctoriness and ineptitude into which they have fallen, if the directors wish to hold the respect of those who are not to be appeased by the Bashanism of Mr. Ruffo or the excitement of waiting to hear if Mme. Galli-Curci is going to sing off the key. It is too much to ask of Miss Garden and Miss Raisa and Mr. Dufranne and other comforting artists among the organization that they should generously compensate for all the aesthetic sins permitted by those who now misdirect the Chicago Opera Company.

III.

Outside of the two opera houses there was, of course, a torrential flood of music-making, yet it bore to us surprisingly little that was both new and important. We discussed some months ago in these pages Mr. Walter Damrosch's production of Vincent d'Indy's Symphony, *De Bello Gallico*, Mr. Stokowski's exploration of Michel Dvorsky's *Haunted Castle* (now leased by Joseph Hofmann) at a concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra, and certain adventures in pursuit of novelty by Mr. Stransky and the Philharmonic. The concerts of the Philadelphia Orchestra yielded us, further, Rachmaninoff's choral symphony, *The Bells*, concerning which we shall content ourselves by remarking that Mr. Rachmaninoff is an admirable pianist. Mr. Carpenter's symphony, *Sermons in Stones*, expounded by Mr. Damrosch, was, alas, unheard by this deponent. Mr. Bodanzky and his new orchestra—to be known henceforth as the National Symphony—played only one work unfamiliar to this capital: a set of variations by that Russian composer who is (or was: there is a vaporous legend of his death) Rimsky-Korsakoff's son-in-law, Maximilian Steinberg. It was worthy music, but it unsettled no complacencies and

troubled no preconceptions. The unfortunate Boston Symphony Orchestra, up to its patrician neck in tribulations, and worn to a shadow of its former self, has continued with desperate bravery to give concerts. Prior to the revolution in its ranks, it made known to New York an admirable score, *The Pleasure-Dome of Kubla Khan*, by the lamented Charles T. Griffes, who died just as his sincere and finely-grained music had begun to win a belated recognition. Mr. Griffes was a creator who uttered his own thoughts, who looked out upon the world from a hilltop that he himself had discovered. He was a poet with a sense of comedy. He was neither smug nor pretentious. A fastidious craftsman, a scrupulous artist, he went his own way, modestly but unswervingly. Incidentally, he was an American. His loss is deplorable. Many among his confrères could be better spared.

IV.

The outstanding feature of the musical season has been the triumphant return of Wagner to his kingdom—not yet (save for *Parsifal*) in the opera house, but in the concert-room. Mr. Damrosch, Mr. Stransky, Mr. Monteux, Mr. Bodanzky, must have agreed in anticipation with those wise and sane words of General Mangin, of the French Army, spoken at Paris a few months ago: “So far as I am concerned, I fail to see that music has anything to do with patriotism. The repugnance which we have known toward German art must disappear. I am not shocked when I hear Wagner’s music, and I can still appreciate the works of Goethe.” A year ago Sir Thomas Beecham gave *Walküre* in Manchester, as he had given *Tristan* and *Meistersinger* before that. We in America have thus far achieved only *Parsifal*. But our concert-going public, like that of Paris (which recently declared by referendum its desire for Wagner) has clamored with an irresistible voice for the music of that supreme magician of the orchestra. Wagner—Wagner the virulent anti-Prussian, the revolutionist of 1848—has overwhelmingly come back to our concert-rooms, and “the mighty marching and the golden burning” of his music have swept across the season’s programmes like a renovating wind.

There are in music two transcendent masters of beautiful speech. One of them knew the secret of a loveliness so

searching and exquisite and unflawed that the marvel of it wears an almost supermundane cast. The other made of his music a blazing pillar of fire—a thing so incandescent and unquenchable that every other flame that had shone before it seemed, for a time, a little dulled. Debussy we have had constantly with us through the dark pain of recent years; Wagner we have now recovered.

His ultimate place is really, after all, in the concert-room rather than the opera-house. We conceive him not primarily as a master of stage-effect through music, but as an acute and absorbed interpreter of the human heart—of its emotional and spiritual conflicts, and of the natural backgrounds, splendid or terrible, against which are projected those passionate silhouettes. His cumbrous and overloaded dramas will probably endure only by virtue of the incomparable music for which they were the excuse—that wonderful tonal flood which streamed inexhaustibly for a quarter of a century, from *Rheingold* to *Parsifal*. Nothing can dim the glory of Wagner the weaver of tones. His place is unique among the Olympians, where he sits, one fancies, apart—a little homesick for that distant moon, the Earth, but measurably consoled, no doubt, by the realization (which he would be the last to discount) that he had left to mankind the greatest music in the world.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

PROGRESS OF THE WORLD

THE meeting of the Prime Ministers and other representatives of the Allied Powers at San Remo began with a practical repudiation of any further dictation by President Wilson in the Turkish or other European questions; an action reported to have been taken at the initiative of Mr. Lloyd George. This was followed by an invitation to the United States to undertake the organization and tutelage of the restored Armenian State, with a large degree of authority in fixing its boundaries. While it was believed that the President was not averse to accepting this proposal, the enormous prospective cost of it in both men and money, in addition to the danger of unwelcome complications with other Powers, made it certain that Congress would never sanction the scheme. The United States, however, followed the example of other Powers in recognizing the independence of the Armenian Republic.

The San Remo conference promptly refused the request of Germany for an increase of her army from 100,000 to 200,000 men, and insisted that the terms of the Treaty of Versailles be fulfilled. There was a difference of opinion, however, as to the method of coercion to be applied, if necessary, Great Britain favoring an economic blockade with no independent action by any one Power, while France strongly inclined toward military occupation and insisted upon reserving the right to take independent action in case of need. It was tentatively agreed to fix the German indemnity at three billion marks a year for thirty years, the mark to be reckoned at its ante-bellum value; making a total payment of about \$22,000,000,000. This great reduction of the indemnity from the figures formerly suggested gave much popular dissatisfaction in France. It was arranged that a conference should be held with a German envoy on May 25. Provision was made for the control of the Dardanelles by two Commissions, one commercial and one military; and

for a parley with Soviet Russia if an acceptable envoy were sent from that country. The conference adjourned with a scathing arraignment of Germany for bad faith, and with cordial expressions of harmony among the Allies.

In the making of the Treaty of Versailles it was supposed that what we may describe as humane economics outweighed mere political and diplomatic considerations, and that the aim was to effect a reorganization of Europe under which the various peoples could live and prosper. Yet in the practical working out of that instrument, thus far at least, the precisely opposite result has been attained. Perhaps it was for some reason necessary to frame the treaty so. Of that we shall not assume to judge. But certain it is that largely because of conditions created by the treaty great populations are suffering indescribable distress and wholesale tragedy. Of all perhaps the plight of Vienna is worst. What was formerly one of the gayest and happiest capitals in the world is now a city of death. People are literally dying in the streets of famine and of the plagues which accompany famine, and often lie dead by the wayside for a long time, because there are none to bury them. Now the treaty of peace with Austria separated politically from Vienna all those regions from which that city drew its supplies, leaving it a territory entirely inadequate to meet its needs. Also, it compelled a transfer, not merely proprietary but also geographical, of the bulk of the effective rolling stock of the railroads centering at Vienna to the Allies. The result has been that in Jugo-Slavia there were millions of bushels of wheat, spoiling in barns and warehouses; that the railroads between Jugo-Slavia and Austria were almost idle and abandoned, for lack of cars and engines; that Italian railroad sidings were overcrowded with Austro-Hungarian rolling stock, far beyond possibility of use; and that the people of Vienna were dying of starvation almost literally "like flies in a frost." Now such a state of affairs is neither humane nor economical. It may not be human nature for us to sympathize very tenderly with Germans, whether in Vienna or Berlin, in their distress, but it certainly is not human nature to doom them to death by famine or to stand by indifferent while they perish. Assuredly it is not sound business thus to let them perish, or to sink into a degeneracy and degradation from which it

will take many years to redeem them. There is not one consideration worthy of civilization which does not rebuke the unwisdom of dooming them to such a plight, and that does not demand for them the relief which it is within the power of the world, even of the United States, to give.

The distress is not alone among the Tedesci and the Huns, however. The foremost champion of the Allied cause is suffering far more sorely than one American in a thousand imagines. It is true that France has maintained her morale in a way that is the wonder and the glory of the world. It is true that she has done engineering works of restoration in the devastated regions which make our boasted labors in the Isthmian Canal seem insignificant. Yet the simple fact that the "City of Light" has, for economy's sake, to be darkened every evening at nine speaks volumes of the privations, the suffering, the woe which Paris and all France are uncomplainingly enduring. Whether, then, we look at our late foes or at our most gallant allies, it is impossible without culpable wilfulness to be blind to the fact that conditions exist to-day which imperil if not the social existence at least the economic integrity of the European continent. Sir Auckland Geddes did not exaggerate when in his first words here as British Ambassador he reminded us of the awful woe of Europe and of the necessity, for the whole world's sake and our own, that everything possible should be done for its amelioration.

Another revolution is added to the chequered and blood-stained record of Mexico; running its course with more expedition and, at least until the climax, with less wanton atrocity, than many of its predecessors. Beginning in Sonora, its real character was at first misunderstood, many representing it to be a movement for secession, and even for annexation to the United States. The latter imputation seemed to be strengthened by the very popular refusal of United States authorities to permit Mexican troops to cross the border and traverse American territory in order more easily to reach the disaffected region. For these reports there was, however, no ground, and as the insurrection steadily spread from State to State it became evident that it was a nation-wide revolution against the rule of President Carranza. The States of Sinaloa, Chihuahua, Nyarit and others in the northwest first joined Sonora, but were soon

followed by others in central and southern Mexico, including those in proximity to the capital, and by May 9 the revolution was practically complete. The City of Mexico and the ports of Tampico and Vera Cruz, together with more than three-fourths of the territory of the republic, were in the possession of the revolutionists, and President Carranza was in flight and hiding. There was comparatively little bloodshed or wanton outrage until the end, when the Carranzist government, before abandoning the capital, is said to have caused a general massacre of political prisoners. The leader of the revolution was General Alvarado Obregon, who was formerly President Carranza's chief supporter and who led the Carranzist troops into the City of Mexico upon the downfall and expulsion of President Huerta. Francisco Villa, who for years had maintained a guerrilla campaign against Carranza, early in the revolution personally withdrew from the field and turned over his forces and supplies to General Obregon.

Venustiano Carranza, one of the greatest of the feudal "land barons" of northern Mexico, made himself "Provisional President" of Mexico in 1914 by virtue of a forcible revolution, in which he was materially aided by the sympathetic attitude of President Wilson and by the latter's stubborn refusal to recognize the government of President Huerta.

In March, 1917, he had himself "elected" as "Constitutional President," the first since Porfirio Diaz, for a term of four years, under a new constitution which abolished the Vice-Presidency and made the President ineligible for reelection. In anticipation of the new Presidential election, to take place next month, General Obregon several months ago put himself forward as a candidate. President Carranza, unable to succeed himself, opposed his former lieutenant, and put forward General Pablo Gonzales as the Administration candidate; but soon dropped him and substituted Señor Ignacio Bonillas, who had been Mexican Ambassador at Washington. It was suspected and charged that this was done in order that Señor Bonillas, if elected, might be declared ineligible on a technicality, and President Carranza might thus be enabled to retain office as a "hold-over." General Gonzales promptly joined forces with General Obregon in organizing the revolution which in a few weeks overthrew the Carranza Government.

The new British Ambassador, Sir Auckland Geddes, arrived in Washington and was received promptly by the Secretary of State, though not by the President. In his first published utterance he referred in an optimistic tone to the question of Irish government as a domestic problem, to be settled by Irishmen in Ireland. The purpose of the British Government was to place upon Irishmen in Ireland "the constitutional responsibility of finding for themselves, within the framework of the British Empire, the solution for their political differences." That done, the British Government would refrain from meddling, and it would be profitable, the Ambassador thought, for Irishmen outside of Ireland, and indeed all others, similarly to stand aside and to give the island an unembarrassed opportunity to work out its own salvation. These judicious sentiments have evoked no favorable response from the agitators for Irish secession and independence, either in Ireland or this country, and there is little ground for hoping that any plan which retains Ireland "within the framework of the British Empire" will be accepted by them. Meantime the reporting of the new Home Rule bill out of Committee to the House of Commons has been delayed until May 25, with the understanding that the Nationalists will take no part in the debate and that the Unionists will offer no extreme opposition. In Ireland itself there is no indication that the Sinn Fein organization, which now has local control of most of the island, will recede in the least from its attitude of unrelenting hostility to anything short of complete separation from the British Empire and the establishment of an Irish Republic.

The "outlaw" strikes ended quickly, and almost as abruptly as they began. During their brief career Mr. Gompers condemned them as a blunder, but strove to throw the blame for their occurrence upon Congress. The great Railroad Brotherhoods consistently and resolutely opposed them, and gave their valuable and efficient aid to the railroad managers in suppressing them. The Attorney-General declared them to have been incited by "Reds" and Bolsheviks from Russia, though he omitted to produce any specific proof of his charge; he caused the arrest of a number of the "outlaw" leaders at Chicago for violation of the Lever Act; and soon after their collapse instituted an investigation into their

origin in the apparent hope of proving his theory of Bolshevik origin.

By far the most important and deeply significant factor in the "strike-breaking" was, however, the revolt of the people. With quite unprecedented unanimity the public condemned the strikes, and everywhere, with spontaneity and zeal, volunteers offered their services to the railroads as temporary firemen. In this way a partial service was maintained on most of the roads. Conspicuous in this movement were men of wealth, professional men, college and university students, and members of the American Legion. Incidentally, the Legion thus incurred the disapproval of the Central Federated Union of New York City, that Socialistically inclined labor organization forbidding its members to belong to the strike-breaking Legion.

At mid-April the strikes were ordered off, and many of the men returned to work. Some refused to do so, however, although the railroad companies generously prolonged the time in which they might do so without prejudice to their standing. But when the last hour of grace had expired and their return became permissible only on the same basis as entirely new employes, they clamored to be taken back without loss of seniority. In this unreasonable demand some Brotherhood officers, apparently for the sake of avoiding controversy, were inclined to support them, though they readily acquiesced in the peremptory refusal of the companies to yield to it. The strikers announced that the Brotherhoods would support their demand and would order a universal strike to enforce it. Instead, the Brotherhoods expelled from their fellowship about 2,000 of the strikers by revoking the charters of nine of their "locals" in New Jersey.

Meantime the exigencies of the strike moved the President to make his long-delayed appointment of the new Railroad Labor Board, consisting of nine members equally divided among representatives of the roads, of the labor unions and of the general public. He also called and personally attended his first Cabinet meeting since he started on his disastrous stumping tour last summer. The new Board on organizing declined to recognize or to receive representations from the "outlaw" strikers, on the ground that their striking was in violation of law.

The new Industrial Court in Kansas was invoked against the strike of railroad switchmen in that State, and it issued warrants under which several strike leaders were arrested and sent to jail. This action was railed against by organized labor, and the constitutionality of the law creating the Industrial Court was challenged. One Kansas sheriff disgraced his office by permitting the chief strike leader to emerge from his cell and from a balcony of the jail to harangue a mob with a diatribe against the Governor and an exhortation to resist the law. The court to which appeal was made against the Industrial Court law promptly decided, however, that that act was entirely constitutional and that the warrants and other processes of the court in question were therefore valid. The ground of this decision was the broad and impregnable one of the right of a State to protect the welfare of its citizens against any injury or menace.

The railroads are reporting in hundreds of millions of dollars their imperative need of funds for immediate betterment of their service. How great is the need of such betterment must be obvious to all who have any knowledge of conditions. The Western States of the Mississippi Valley are overburdened with wheat and potatoes and cattle and other food supplies, which they are eager to ship to the Eastern States, but which cannot be moved because of lack of cars. In such a state of inefficient equipment have Government control and operation left the roads. The extent of such impairment of equipment may be estimated from the reported fact that about twenty-five per cent of express cars, including refrigerator cars, were scrapped by the Government and not replaced. The magnitude of the business done by and dependent upon those cars may also be estimated from the fact that a single company sends out about 450 of them from New York City alone every day in the year. The requests of the roads for permission to increase their freight rates 30 per cent will, if granted, afford some relief in operation accounts. But the paramount need of the day is for the construction of freight cars by thousands and tens of thousands; and cars cannot be built in a day. Meantime the Appropriation Committee of the House of Representatives reports that the loss to the Government through its operation of the railroads was about \$1,129,000,-

000. Of this \$904,000,000 was the outright loss, and the balance was the prospective loss of uncollectible loans made to some of the roads.

Despite official promises of relief, and sporadic and spectacular raids by the Department of Justice upon profiteers, the high cost of living continues to grow higher, particularly in prices of food. Government reports show that in February last food prices averaged exactly twice what they were in February, 1913. During the last year the general cost of living, including food, clothing, housing, fuel and light, increased 21 per cent, and during the four months ending with March it increased seven per cent, showing a pretty steady increase of 1.75 per cent a month. Varying and contradictory views of the cause also increase and multiply. The Federal Reserve Board attributes it to inefficiency, to under-production, and to the increased cost of obtaining capital. Representatives of transportation and commerce on the other hand charge it against an alleged breakdown in railroad service, alleging that the Mississippi Valley is overburdened with surplus stores of food products of all kinds, which are spoiling in warehouses for lack of cars to ship them to market. Amid the confusion of counsels the one thing certain seems to be that governmental meddling with business has not resulted in benefit to the people.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE SPIRIT OF SELECTIVE SERVICE. By Major-General E. H. Crowder, U. S. A. New York: The Century Company.

Doubtless, the "embattled farmers" who "fired the shot heard round the world" were willing volunteers. But doubtless, too, the work which they began had to be carried on by conscripts. That is one of the facts of American history too little recognized, and too glibly ignored by those who urge that the volunteer system should be retained as sufficient for all time. It is a fact that in our Revolution, when the Colonists were supposed to have sprung spontaneously to arms for liberty and independence, even enormous bounties failed to attract sufficient volunteers, and conscription had to be resorted to, at the urging of Washington himself, to fill the ranks of the patriot army. So it took seven years for our army, in which there were from first to last nearly 400,000 men, to conquer a British force which never numbered more than 42,000. Still more humiliating was the failure of the volunteer system in our second war with Great Britain. When we began that war we had seven million people, and there were only 4,500 British soldiers on this side of the Atlantic. If we could have put anything like our full military strength into the field, we should have occupied Canada and ended the war, at least on land, in a single campaign. But with an authorized army strength of 35,000 we had an actual strength of only 6,700, and we looked to volunteers to do the rest. The result was three years of disaster and disgrace and a certainty that, if peace had not come when it did, we should have had to resort to conscription for the defence of our own soil from invasion and conquest. In the Mexican War we won in spite of the volunteer system, because of our immense superiority in numbers and spirit over the enemy. But in the Civil War the volunteer system again failed to meet our needs, and not only failed but, as General Crowder says, "collapsed decisively, finally, and completely."

There are, of course, rampageous Pacifists who in their own conceit are far wiser about military affairs than a mere Major-General of the United States Army, and who will dispute the lessons if not the facts of history. To rational men and women, however, General Crowder's lucid presentment of facts and his cogent arguments upon them will prove convincing. To them, also, his account of the final resort to Selective Service, and of the practical operation of that system and of its results, will be not only convincing but also as interesting as a dramatic romance. For he has beside an attractive literary style the happy and priceless faculty of putting himself in his reader's place,

and of telling what the reader wants to know, in just the way in which the reader can best understand it. The volume is written, indeed, not as if by a professional soldier, advocating and vindicating militarism, but as if by a citizen who views the army from the civic point of view. For such illuminative and instructive setting forth of facts, both old and new but always pertinent, the volume would be of timely value.

But General Crowder goes far beyond such limits. Having seen the value of Selective Service in time of war, he conceives that its spirit and even some of its methods may be of equal value in time of peace, for the solution of some of the greatest of the problems which vex the land and which at times seem almost to imperil its integrity. Some of these problems were startlingly revealed to us, indeed, through the operation of Selective Service. It was thus, for example, that we learned that, despite the flattering unctiousness of the census, one-fifth of our young men of military age were illiterate. Since that appalling revelation was made, all thoughtful men have realized that popular education was one of the most serious tasks before the nation. We say "before the nation" purposely, because it is clear, as General Crowder demonstrates, that it is a national and not a local or a State problem, and that its solution, while effected through local and State agencies, must be on a national principle and through a national impulse. There must, that is to say, be precisely what there was in the selective conscription; there must be a National initiative and ideal, and then coöperation among the States and coördination between the States and the Nation, for the realization of that ideal. Local and State education must be not merely such as will serve local and State needs, but such as will serve the needs of the whole Nation.

A similar application of the principle should be made to the protection and promotion of public health, and to other matters of great importance in which uniformity of practice is essential to the highest welfare of the Nation. In fact, all through our public services, without in the least impairing legitimate State sovereignty, General Crowder would have what he himself describes as "the coöperation of State and Federal governmental agencies, and their integration in the execution of great national policies, preserving local self-government, yet making possible uniform, consistent, and efficient administration of national undertakings." That was, of course, precisely what Selective Service did for our military administration. It is reasonable to believe that the same principle could and would be equally efficient in other departments of administration.

Nor does General Crowder stop there. He argues for the extension of the spirit and some of the methods of Selective Service beyond the ordinary bounds of political and civic activity, into the industrial and business world, where he rightly conceives the greatest of our problems to be. Such application of the principle is not perhaps as obvious or as simple as that to education or sanitation, yet it is no less logical, and it may well be believed that it would have highly beneficial results. General Crowder would begin by creating within each industrial plant a council composed of representatives of both employers and employees. Next he would have a national council within each industry, similarly composed. Finally, there would be a national council

of all industries, a national industrial parliament, the voice of which he thinks would be so potent that its recommendations and requests could not be lightly treated. He is not so optimistic, however, as to expect that this council would settle every dispute and prevent all strikes. So he would have some of the machinery and some of the compulsory force of the Selective Draft adopted, in local boards clothed with full power to investigate, to prescribe settlements, and to use at least the full weight of their influence as the representative of the general public to make the prescriptions effective. This would provide a nucleus and a leadership for precisely such an assertion of public sentiment and of public action as proved so decisive in the recent "outlaw" strikes. We should add that General Crowder would apply the same principle to the control of "big business" in the trusts that he would to the demands of labor unions.

It is this intensely practical application of the lessons of the narrative which gives the volume its supreme value. It may be that some of its propositions are more ingenious than practicable, though it would not be easy to point them out. It may be that the writer is over-hopeful of the success of some of his plans, though he maintains generally an admirable tone of moderation. It is certain that he has, in a broad and patriotic spirit, presented most lucidly what he esteems to be the lesson of one of the greatest administrative achievements in the history of our Government, all of which he saw and a large part of which he was, and thus has given to the public a book filled from beginning to end with instruction and with suggestion of exceptional value.

WITH THE WITS: Shelburne Essays, Tenth Series. By Paul Elmer More. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Criticism is a sort of half-philosophy—a constructive and persuasive commentary upon books and life, in which reference is made to premises often not fully or precisely stated; the point of view shifting from ethical to esthetic, and from historic to psychological. In the end, the highest praise that most critics can merit is to be thoroughly rational and human, to be well-balanced and sympathetic—to make, as the Eighteenth Century phrased the thought, "just" observations.

In his book, *The Drift of Romanticism*, Mr. More stated his premises frankly and explicitly. The "definitions of dualism" apply, of course more directly to life than to literature; but they apply to literature. The general principle of criticism that emerges from Mr. More's discussion of Romanticism, and less regularly from his less systematic essays, such as those in the present volume, *With the Wits*, is that literary enjoyment at its height is no less moral than intellectual: it implies "understanding," "insight," "intuition" *plus* the free play of feeling and imagination.

This conception is probably sound—at all events it may save a person from some bad influences and from many egregious follies and fads without necessarily making a prig of him. It is not, however—and doubtless is not intended to be—a principle on which to base a definition of art or literature. A satisfactory definition of art, or of literature as an art, no man has framed. The only way in which va-

rious attempts to define art or literature hold together is in recognizing that all art gives a certain kind of enjoyment, felt to be harmless or beneficial, that is different from the effect of the corresponding experiences in life. Every imaginative child who reads fairy tales knows that there is a delight in reading about things that is quite different from the delight of doing them or being them.

In short, the extent to which an appreciative reader in reading a work of the imagination abstracts from the content is quite wonderful, and that critic who said that "Mr. Horner" in *A Country Wife* is not immoral because Mr. Horner is, in effect "all moonshine" and was never intended to be anything else was partially justified. The pleasure given by literary art is unique and not easy to account for. The apt expression of a thing seems in many instances to be the main factor—this rather than the thing expressed. Otherwise there is really no explaining the labor bestowed upon art, and the naïve acceptance of its value, from the prehistoric times when the cave man laboriously scratched an excellent engraving of a horse upon a marrow bone and listened to stories of gods and animals before the fire at night, to the days of Whistler and Henry James. Nor have the estheticians who have essayed to reduce the spell of art to principles of form, or the psychological critics who would explain our enjoyment of Falstaff or Benvenuto Cellini as the result of releasing a suppressed wish in a harmless channel altogether convinced us.

Of course, "moral intuition" as the most important element in life must be recognized as affecting any art that deals with life. When literature advocates something either openly or covertly, the criticism of its ideas is a high function. The Romanticists conducted a sort of subtle propaganda, and the decadents are always playing up their defects as virtues. Such pretensions need to be analyzed, and no one has done this better than Mr. More in *The Drift of Romanticism*; yet admirers of Walter Pater, whose philosophy Mr. More has effectively attacked, have been known to raise their brows in some surprise to inquire whether Pater had any philosophy. Only half-educated people, as a rule, worry much over the philosophy of Omar Khayyam. In short, art, with its peculiar power of abstraction, is in itself a healthy thing, and the critic who lays too much stress upon the moral element may be found occasionally "barking up the wrong tree."

Though so rude a suggestion hardly fits the case of Mr. More, one may fairly point out to readers who are captivated by his persuasiveness and his authority, that the principle which he applies most often is just one of the many tests that may be applied in the complex business of literary criticism. It is of great value in those cases to which it is applicable; but in many cases what one really wants of the critic is an a-moral account of things, an analysis or exposition of the mysteries of the "literary sense." Mr. More's critical principle must take its chances with other and competing principles. It must be judged by its usefulness in practice; it must be judged by its fruits. In point of fact, the results in the volume under consideration, are somewhat uneven. Sometimes the author seems to be trying to make more of his ethical point of view than can well be made of it; in such cases he seems, if not by any means one-idea-ed, still a little unsatisfactory—

even impotent. At other times, when his criticism has to be mainly historical and psychological, one may feel a certain lack of zest. The accounts for example, of Aphra Behn, of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and of the Duke of Wharton—in all of which the main object is to give the proper life-setting—are, though accurate and judicious, somewhat lacking in that richness of sympathy and suggestion which can make literary criticism in some few cases of more value than the literature criticized. In still other cases Dr. More's point of view exactly fits his theme, and the results are strongly illuminating.

Perhaps a good deal of undeserved panegyric has been poured out upon the minor Elizabethans, by Swinburne and others: yet it does not seem that any sufficient object is gained by dwelling heavily upon the moral confusion that reigns in the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher. "If we are to criticize honestly," writes Mr. More, "and are to avoid blurring the fine distinctions in artistic enjoyment, we should not forget to weigh against such riches of entertainment the deep-lying fault which prevents this drama from taking a place beside the more fully satisfying productions of art. And, in a longer view, we should remember that, as the wit of our twin dramatists passed by a slight change into that of the restoration, so their use of the passions and emotions is one of the important sources of the romantic vein in later English literature." This is placing a heavy weight of responsibility upon the authors of *The Maids Tragedy* and *Philaster*. On the other hand, a real question would seem to be how it is that we lost the attitude that made possible the enjoyment of such plays in which moral confusion is too obvious to raise any question concerning itself, and, besides losing the capacity to enjoy drama in which the characters as moral beings are "all moonshine," became addicted to the subtle and insinuating, the melancholy and distressing unmorality of the later Romanticists and decadents.

Again, to say of Gray that "the very omissions in his self-portraiture, the very failure to carry any of his intellectual and emotional tendencies to their complete expression, may be regarded not as a weakness, but as a mark of the restraint and clarity which were the positive characteristics of the Eighteenth Century," seems rather futile. The moral significance of Gray's life and work is, indeed, rather hard to find, and restraint and clarity, it is only too clear, may not save a man from an *ennui* that is almost as bad as the romantic malady that Mr. More has so brilliantly diagnosed in other writers.

Of Swift and Pope, however, Mr. More writes with much profit to the reader. Although he confesses inability to find the secret of Swift's personality—"I thought to explore the man's soul," he says, "but my little lamp of criticism was extinguished in the heavy air of that cavern"—the account he gives of this great man who hated the human race while he loved individual men, is just and considerate—an effective exposition of greatness, free from the errors of sentiment and of the pertness of professional character analysis and retrospective fortune-telling. As much may be said for the essay on Pope, which enables one to appreciate the real greatness of the man, not only as the much patronized author of *The Rape of the Lock*, but as what he undoubtedly was—one of the greatest of satirists. To induce readers

to look clear beyond the usual criticisms of Pope—the prose brilliancies, the philosophical superficialities, and all that, and to find his real worth is no small achievement.

THE CAREER OF LEONARD WOOD. By Joseph Hamblen Sears. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Mr. Sears has written an excellent, straightforward account of his subject—an account not too eulogistic to be convincing; neither so heavy as a sketch from a biographical dictionary, nor so *ex parte* as a campaign document. The author does not speak of Wood as if this well-deserving soldier and citizen were a Washington or a Lincoln; yet he does successfully emphasize solid achievements and strong traits traditionally American—sterling character, a large and realistic grasp of situations; above all, that ability to get big things done without fuss, lacking which, high character has merely an exemplary value.

Leonard Wood was born in the little town of Winchester, New Hampshire, on October 9, 1860. His early years were spent on Cape Cod, the physical conformation of which, suggesting “a doubled-up arm with a clenched fist,” the biographer quaintly imagines to be a symbol of Leonard Wood’s character. Whatever may be the significance of Cape Cod, rugged strength of character seems to have been an endowment of Wood’s from his youth up.

After graduating from Harvard Medical School in 1884, he spent the usual period of probation as an intern in a hospital, and then began practicing in Boston. But he wanted action, and he craved an outdoor life. Thus when the opportunity came to him to enter the army as a surgeon, he readily embraced it. He was first ordered to duty at Fort Warren in Boston Harbor, but he remained at this post only a few days. In June, 1885, in response to his own request for “action,” he was ordered to Arizona to report to General Crook on the Mexican border near Fort Huachuca.

In the last of the Indian fighting, the campaign against the Apaches under Geronimo, the young Army Surgeon distinguished himself for fighting qualities and for leadership. Years later he was awarded for his Indian work the Congressional Medal of Honor—a rare and much-coveted prize. More precious still was the consciousness that he had won the genuine respect of all the real men with whom he had associated in the army.

In 1895 Wood was ordered to Washington to become Assistant Attending Surgeon. In this capacity, he became the personal friend of both Cleveland and McKinley. In 1896 he was introduced to Theodore Roosevelt, and the friendship between these two men, who were in many respects vitally alike, lasted without a break until Roosevelt’s death. Wood and Roosevelt agreed upon the necessity of military preparedness, and upon the moral obligation of this country to intervene in behalf of Cuba. “Have you and Theodore declared war yet?” President McKinley would inquire in the days before the war with Spain. And the reply would be, “No, we think you ought to, Mr. President.”

Wood came out of the Spanish War a Brigadier General of Volunteers. The city of Santiago had been surrendered on July 17, 1898. On the twentieth, General Wood was summoned by General Shafter, commanding the American forces, and informed that he had been detailed to take command of the city, secure and maintain order, feed the starving, and reorganize generally. What he achieved is a matter of history. The difficulties of the task, however, can be but imperfectly realized by one who has not read some such account of the matter as Mr. Sears concisely and effectively gives. Unspeakable sanitary conditions had to be overcome; the people had to be taught respect for law and order and confidence in American justice. All this was done not only with efficiency, but with notable absence of friction.

In December, 1899, less than a year after the United States took over the Island, General Wood was appointed by President McKinley Governor General of Cuba and made a Major General of United States Volunteers. The new task, as Mr. Sears points out, was by no means merely the continuation of the work at Santiago on a larger scale. This statement holds true even if one regards sanitation alone. "It was possible in an epidemic to close up houses temporarily, stop business and commercial intercourse for a period, where only 50,000 people were concerned. But to stop the daily commerce of a large city, the capital of a state, was out of the question." If one looks at the problem as a whole, one perceives that the situation called not only for administrative talents of a high order, but for unusual breadth and steadiness of vision. The task of reorganizing Cuba for the benefit of the Cubans was a new thing: nothing quite like it had ever been undertaken before in the whole history of the world. The work was done as quietly and effectively as if the problem of making over a country without exciting the enmity of its inhabitants and of getting those inhabitants to adapt themselves to the new order of things were merely a matter of well-understood routine. Mr. Sears gives the facts that justify Theodore Roosevelt's statement in *The Harvard Graduates Magazine*, in 1901: "Leonard Wood four years ago went down to Cuba, has served there ever since, has rendered services to that country of the kind which if performed three thousand years ago would have made him a hero mixed up with a sun god in various ways."

In 1903, Wood went to the Philippines as Governor General of the Moros. Two years later, after a visit to the United States, he returned as Commander-in-Chief of the American forces in the Philippines. By 1908, his work in those islands—a work calling for the qualities of a statesman—was practically completed. The whole story, as Mr. Sears more than once remarks concerning Wood's achievements, "might be told in words of one syllable." These were typically American accomplishments—simple, but difficult.

It is much that in twenty-two years, General Wood, beginning his army life as a surgeon rose to the highest position in the Regular Army that any one may hold; it is far more that he became a mightily effective influence for patriotism. What one gathers from Mr. Sears's narrative, however, is the consistency of the whole career.

Wood's experience in the Indian wars, his struggles with red tape and inefficiency before and during the Spanish War, his work as an administrator in Cuba and in the Philippines, his thorough studies of the military policies and methods of foreign nations, his conferences with men like Lord Roberts and Lord Cromer, all helped to make him a great carrier and exponent of efficient patriotic service. Most of us now see that he and Roosevelt were profoundly and thoroughly and comprehensively right in the stand that they took on preparedness; and the country owes a great debt to both these men. Yet when, on his return from a visit to the French front in 1917, General Wood asked to be reinstated in his command of the Eighty-ninth Division and sent abroad, his request was refused.

A GOLDEN AGE OF AUTHORS. By William W. Ellsworth. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

For a bookish man there is keen pleasure in reading such reminiscences as Mr. Ellsworth has furnished. There is delight in simply being in the literary atmosphere which pervades his pages. Connected with the *Century Magazine* throughout its career and with its predecessor, *Scribner's Monthly*, from its founding in 1870 to its renaming as *The Century* in 1881, Mr. Ellsworth has been closely in touch with American men and women of letters through a long period. What one principally treasures in his account is the impression that it gives of unaffected gentility, of high-mindedness and of right-mindedness, in those who built up our periodical literature.

The number of great literary personalities that figure in this book justifies the title: Stevenson, Stockton, Helen Hunt Jackson, Warner, Cable, Howells, Bret Harte, John Hay, Noah Brooks, Walt Whitman—one could fill a page with the names alone. If you are not interested in the older authors, you can read of Jack London and H. G. Wells. The reader will learn many curious things. He will find out in what manner many now famous authors, from Mary Wilkins to Charles D. Stewart, author of *The Fugitive Blacksmith*, were "discovered"; and how *Ben Hur* and other masterpieces nearly failed of publication.

The stories in this book are in general slight and casual; but they are all unhackneyed, and they have a quality of their own: the slightest of them is a revelation of character. When all is said, however, the most distinctive feature of the book is not its presentation of celebrities. If one had to choose between the stories of those already much written about and the author's accounts of persons notable enough in their way but much less widely and directly known to the world, one would unhesitatingly choose the latter. Much to be prized are the glimpses one gets in these pages of Timothy Cole, the engraver, of William Carey, of blessed memory, of Theodore DeVinne, founder of the DeVinne Press. In real human value the author's reminiscences of these and some others exceed even such familiar and authentic memories as those of Richard Watson Gilder and Hopkinson Smith.